

**THE  
DOPE  
CRISIS**

# ROLLING STONE

ACME

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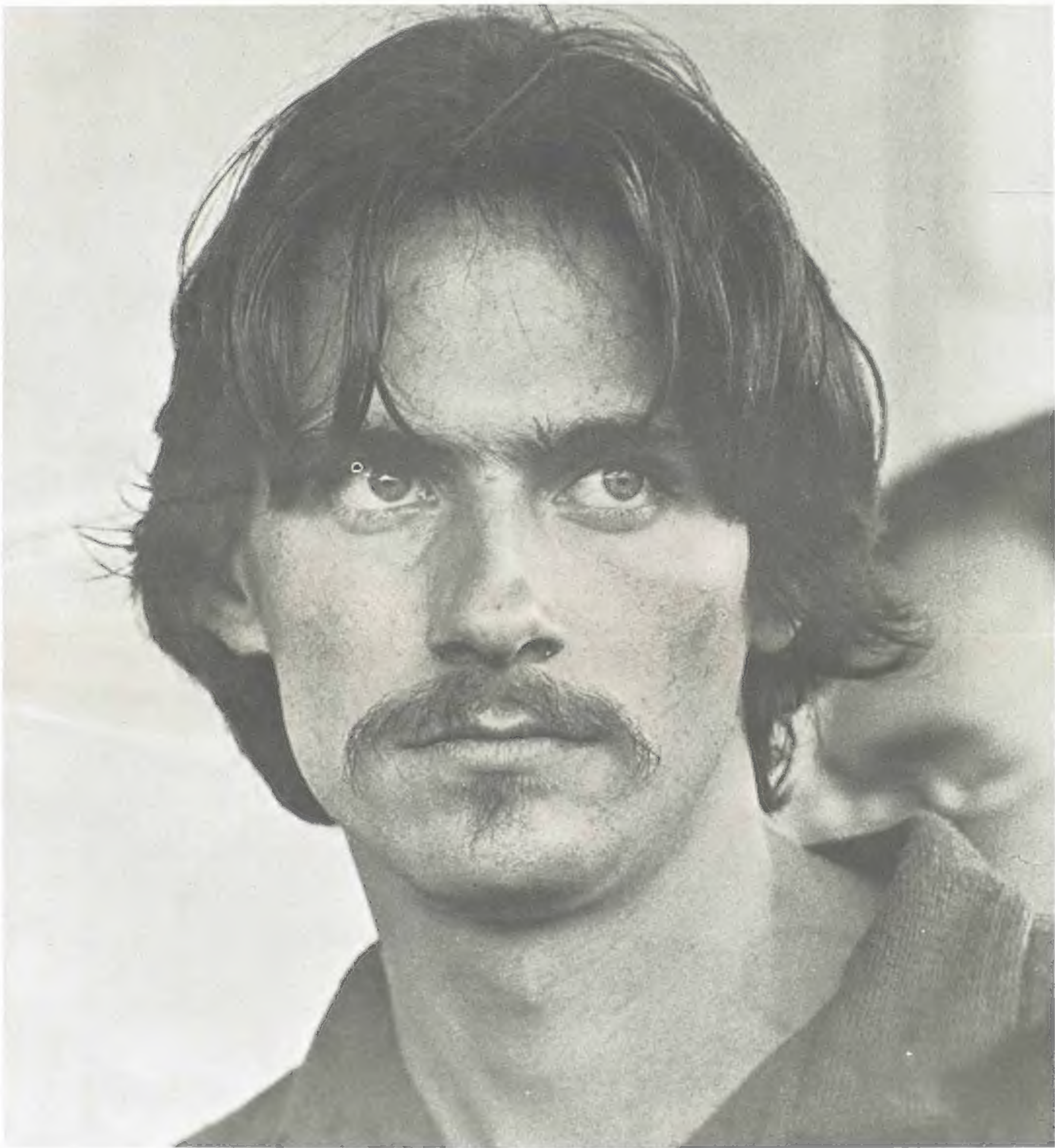
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**GOOD OLD  
GRATEFUL  
DEAD**



*Jerry Garcia*



BARON WOLMAN

James Taylor at the Newport Folk Festival

## JAMES TAYLOR ON APPLE: 'THE SAME OLD CRAPEROO'

BY JERRY HOPKINS

LOS ANGELES—When the Beatles signed with American business manager Allen Klein, apparently it was like heaving a boulder into a small pond, with dozens of individuals suddenly being tossed to the water's edge by the onrushing concentric waves.

One of these was the gentle and articulate singer-songwriter James Taylor, the first artist signed to the Beatles' Apple label and, as a result of the Beatles' action, now signed to Klein. He said currents in London worried him.

"I don't know what's going on over there," he explained (in Los Angeles for six nights at the Troubadour). "I know what it was like a year and four or five months ago, when I signed. But it's

different now. That old craperoo, the bullshit music biz thing, is creeping in.

"I think the Beatles have discovered the business trip isn't fun. You can't goof off. I get the feeling Apple is like a rich toy. I'm bitter, I guess. I feel they've let me down."

Taylor made this sad appraisal of his situation lying in hot sun, his legs in sawed-off jeans stuck in his agent's swimming pool, a hundred yards from the Sunset Strip.

He said he was reasonably pleased with his first album, *James Taylor*—which was received well critically, yet thus far had sold only moderately—but that when he returned to England a few weeks earlier to begin recording his second LP, "nothing was happening."

"I wanted to record. We were ready to record. They knew I was coming to record. But we couldn't get moving. So I did two television shows, a radio show, two guest club appearances and came home again."

He talked of Allen Klein. "That man worries me," he said. "We all know what his reputation is, right? It's amazing how he keeps going, it really is. And I can't understand why the boys ever signed with him. I shouldn't really knock the man. I don't know him that well, really. I've just met him a couple of times—yet I feel that that is enough."

Taylor's evaluation took an angry (and libelous) turn and moments later he added, "I really feel quite badly about saying all this. I do have to maintain a

relationship with these people and I want it to be as pleasant as possible. I don't hate anyone. It's just that I don't know what's going on, and no one's telling anyone anything."

Taylor said he hoped he would be able to begin the second album in New York when he returned there a few days later, with Peter Asher again serving as his producer. (Asher, who had been head of Apple's A&R, was among the many who quit in the wake of Klein's arrival on the scene.)

"It's a mess over there," Taylor said, obviously wanting to get on to something else. "Everybody's been fired or quit. There's just Derek Taylor left now. Even some of the Beatles are getting confused."

—Continued on Page 8

# you'll never outgrow your need for bread.

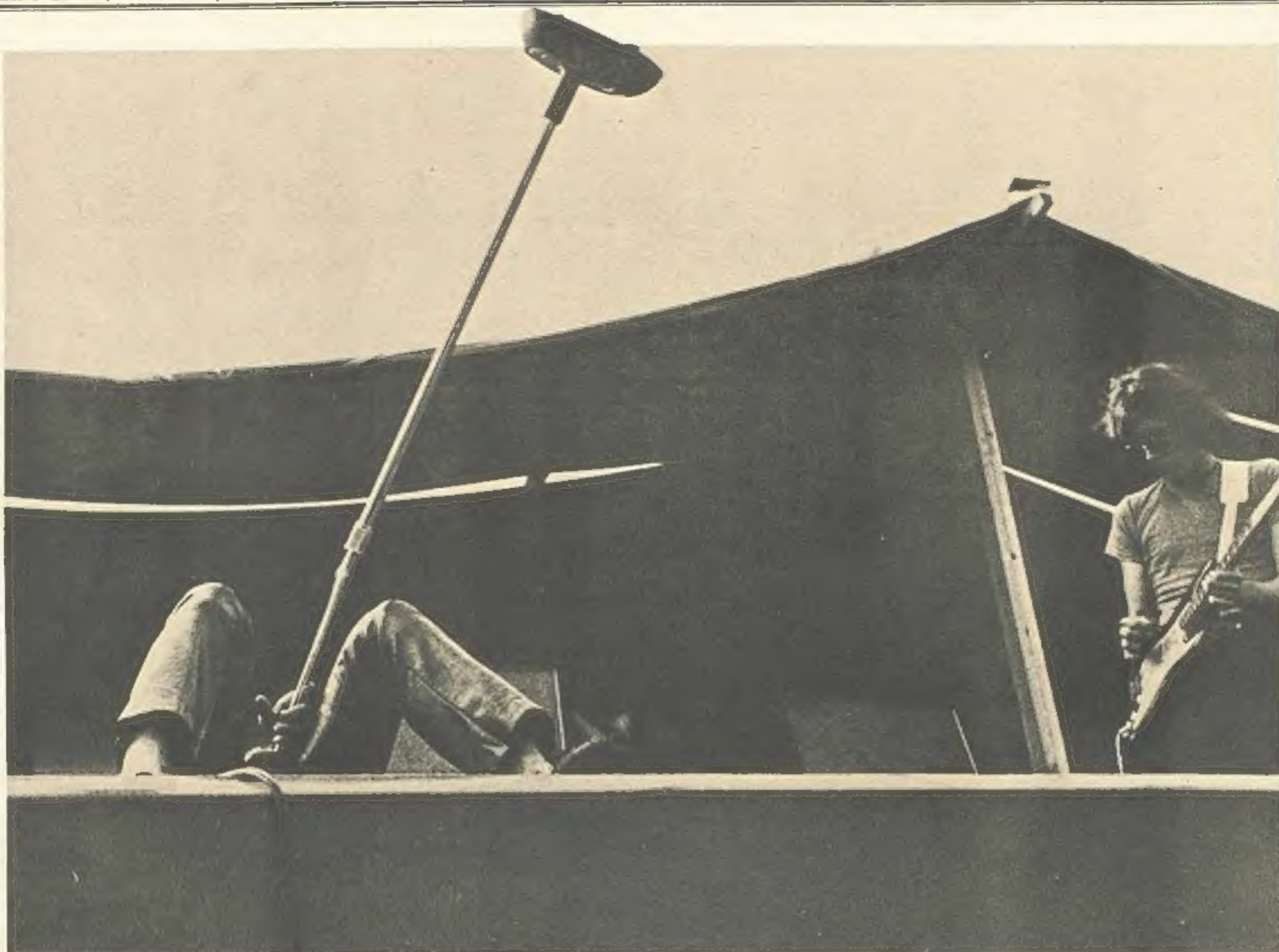


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## CORRESPONDENCE, LOVE LETTERS & ADVICE

SIRS:

I've started this letter six times, and ultimately my point is this: Dino Valente Knows! (With a capital K.) Where and who is he now? **RAPO DUMMER MILWAUKEE**

SIRS:

Regarding the July 11 cancellation of Clapton, Winwood, and Baker at their scheduled Newport appearance; its obvious that the higher-echelon citizenry of Newport got uptight over the "disturbances" they received at the Jazz Festival the preceding week, and therefore decided to call a halt to further festival proceedings. I was told by the girl who was refunding ticket money at the gate that the revocation of the festival's license would occur if any such "disturbances" should happen in the future.

What really pisses me off, however, is the way the Festivals Office handled the cancellation. I was told when I arrived that the news had been given out on the local radio and television stations on the preceding days. What they *didn't* do was to put the news in the major out-of-town papers, or radio stations, so people like me came a long way and spent a lot of money getting there, all for nothing. **BOB HUNTOON BELLOWS FALLS, VERMONT**

SIRS:

I don't know if I'm really happy settling for Crosby, Stills & Nash (now with Neil Young), and Poco as separate groups, but I guess we must do with what we have. What are the chances of Stills and Young separating from Crosby and Nash, and Furay and Messina splitting Poco, and forming . . . ? **LARRY GENZER JERSEY CITY, N.J.**

SIRS:

When Bob Dylan played the Edwardsville (Illinois) Rock Festival with the Band, they had a disappointing turnout. Only the first half of each section was full. The band was unbelievably together, but very aloof.

After intermission the Standing Room people were allowed to fill in the empty seats. Once all inside the audience really buoyed the Band, and they seemed appreciably looser. About four songs in they bowed out and returned with Dylan. Everybody seemed to be asking, "Didn't I tell you he'd be here?" Together they sang four numbers, interspersed with loud encore shouts.

When Dylan came out everyone was yelling they loved him or letting out crazy war-whoops. Some of the most ostentatiously self-appointed Dylan-interpreters came pushing painfully to the front with cop-like authority, stepping on toes and faces, shouting apologies over their shoulders: "You don't understand, this is really important to me . . ." Overall, Dylan was very realistic about the situation, acknowledging, without upstaging the Band, that people wanted to hear him. **JERRY HEIST ST. LOUIS, MO.**

SIRS:

The article in the last issue of Rolling Stone on Columbia and the underground press created a very misleading impression. It stated we changed our minds about advertising in underground papers. That is not correct. We tested advertising in underground papers and found we only reached a responsive audience where the paper was predominantly one concerned with music. Then we continued advertising only in those papers (who choose to call or not to call themselves "underground" depending on how they define the term) that are involved with music.

The reason is that your paper, and others like it, are good for music. They are wrapped up in it, sensitive to it, involved and concerned about it. That distinguishes it from all the underground papers who have no connection with music at all. It's only those papers—along with Life, Esquire and other general non-musical readership papers—that our market research shows don't reach a responsive audience. In the very same last issue of ROLLING

STONE, Columbia was represented by five different advertisements.

We're not now about to knuckle under to those who have no musical connection of interest and who, for their own purposes, glibly want to indiscriminately lump us with all large, established corporations insensitive to artistic expression. Our trademark for years has been our thriving on creativity. We stimulate, provoke and expand it. Our record speaks for itself. Naturally, we are wrong sometimes but just ponder slowly over the names of our artists and consider the vast diversity of talents at the top of their profession who have chosen us, usually for the entire duration of their artistic career. All are successful, but that's not just it. They are unique spokesmen. Individualistic, independent, moving creative forces. That's what Columbia Records is made of. **CLIVE J. DAVIS PRESIDENT, COLUMBIA RECORDS**

SIRS:

Very interesting to me, the reception Buddy Guy got on his spiritual homecoming to East and Central Africa (July 26th issue) particularly the apparently weak enthusiasm he found for the blues. This first tour by a blues man in that side of Africa brought back (rather sadly) my own experiences with vocal blues in Uganda. Playing people like Chuck Berry, Muddy Waters—and Buddy Guy—to friends, I met a kind of pained politeness that could only suggest they didn't dig it.

I was surprised and let down. Then it began to make sense. Blues may have its ancestry in Africa, but it was born and grew up over here, and the alienation and misery that went into it is something pretty specialized.

African tribal music is just that: an expression of the community. None of the lonely bitterness of the blues. In fact most of it is downright festive. And modern city music is something else too, upbeat lyrics and melody to a shuffle beat with guitar and brass backing.

—Continued on Page 4

# Random Notes

The Jimi Hendrix Experience, one of the highest-paid acts in the country, has split up—most likely into three all-new bands. First man to leave the trio was Noel Redding, who'll switch from bass to lead guitar on his half-year-old group, Fat Mattress. Redding was reportedly upset at Hendrix for making announcements about changes in the Experience without consulting him. Hendrix has been talking about a new bass player (Billy Cox) and expansion of his troupe into a commune, "a sky church sort of thing."

So Redding packed off to London, where his four-man band will begin dates August 9th at the Windsor Jazz Festival. Meanwhile, drummer Mitch Mitchell is also expected to leave Hendrix and form his own band. When Hendrix appeared on the Tonight show a couple of weeks back, neither Redding nor Mitchell was with him. The appearance was a disaster, by the way. First, he giggled his way through a rap with guest host Flip Wilson, who tried to hip-talk himself onto Hendrix's level while patting a huge watermelon on his desk. Then, just as Jimi was getting into a good number on his axe, his amp blew and he sauntered off stage, leaving a hapless session drummer (with panted-on sideburns) and bass player in an impromptu jam that had no chance of ever jelling.

He gets another chance August 18th when he appears on the Dick Cavett show (on ABC-TV). He'll trade licks with Jefferson Airplane and the Who.

Transcendental transportation: Maharishi Mahesh Yogi has purchased a custom Bentley with push-button controls for seat elevation and a special stereo tape-recording unit so he can listen to the music of his one-time converts. The whole thing cost him \$26,500.

The new Lothar and the Hand People album's title track, "Space Hymn," is an almost exact duplication of the Harvard Hypnotic Susceptibility Test. It would seem entirely likely that stoned people are more susceptible to hypnosis than straight people, and this cut contains no wake-up cue after suggesting to the listener that he has been walking on the moon. So the listener will fall asleep and awaken convinced that he has been or is still walking on the moon. Not very dangerous, maybe, but a bit irresponsible nonetheless.

If you're going to Osaka, be sure to wear some cherry blossoms in your hair: San Francisco will be the only American city participating in Expo 70, the world's fair in Osaka, Japan, San Francisco being Osaka's sister city. So, of course, there'll be the motorized cable cars and a large "amusement sector" where there'll be the usual commercial exhibits. But in the evening, the 171'-by-98' pavilion will be turned into a rock and roll dance hall, complete with San Francisco bands and light artists. That's what City Hall is planning, anyway, and officials there say they're open to all suggestions and inquiries on how to best fill the six-month fair (from March to September). Artists, managers, record companies, and producers are invited to contact Charles Von Loewenfeldt, S.F. City Hall, San Francisco 94102. "We're doing this because the music is indicative of San Francisco," press aide Bill Roddy explains. "Anyway, it sure beats standing around handing out free walnuts and almonds."

Eric Burdon, the man of many changes, has gone through a few more. Last we heard from him, he was still singing his acid- and awe-struck tunes about Monterey and San Franciscan nights, and then he was going to give it all up to go into films. That was last December, when he broke up his latest band of Animals. Since then, he has divorced his wife of 10 months, run out of bread, is about to break with his record company, and has returned to the stage with a new group called War. Not Eric Burdon and War or Eric Burdon. Just War.

The band, just a couple of months old, is an eight-man ensemble, all blacks ex-

cepting Eric. They appeared at Newport '69 and at Fillmore West, doing one old Burdon favorite, "Paint It Black" and a number of familiar tunes—"Tobacco Road," "Day in the Life" among them. And Burdon, in T-shirt and bells, is the same old Burdon: a Katzenjammer Kid with a feeling for the blues.

Burdon wants to record soon—but not for MGM—which he says "is completely fucked—they lost \$26 million last year." And he's still involved in films, working with LA producers Steve Gould and Jerry Goldstein in two projects—a *How the West Was Really Won*-type movie in line with Burdon's thoughts on the American Indian, and *Groupe*, a "tragic, but hilarious" film look at three rock-rollers. "Groupe," the surer-seller of the two, is in line with Burdon's need for immediate funds, and will serve to bank-roll the cowboys-and-Indians flick.

Of course, any of the above is subject to change without prior notice.

Herb Cohen, manager of the Plaster Casters (a handler's handler?), reports a book by the two monument makers of Chicago has been completed. He says over 900 handwritten pages has been edited down to about 180 manuscript pages and that Cynthia Plastercaster is now busy with the illustrations. No publisher named for the book yet, although Cohen says he has had about a dozen offers. Still being edited is Frank Zappa's longer, more definitive work *The Groupie Papers*.

Who's where: Doug Kershaw is in Nashville, for Warners... Tim Buckley, in New York, is completing his first LP for Frank Zappa's Straight Records label... the Beach Boys are working on their first album for Brother Records since leaving Capitol (the second time), at Gold Star in Los Angeles... the GTOs have gone into a final mix-down in Los Angeles with an LP (on Straight) set for August release... Randy Newman has begun his second LP: Van Dyke Parks, who co-produced his first for Reprise, is not involved... Van Dyke, meanwhile, is in final editing with Lenny Waronker on Arlo Guthrie's third album... And Tom Donahue, returning to record-producing, is working with a band called Fox at Pacific High in San Francisco.

Along with soil sampling equipment, several expensive cameras and some of the more advanced rocketry developed by man, the three astronauts who visited the moon recently also took some taped music from Capitol Records.

Why from Capitol hasn't been explained, but reason for the music selected (and placed on cassette tapes) is obvious. It included four albums—Les Baxter's *Music from the Moon*, Jackie Gleason's *Music Around the World*, Frank Sinatra's *Come Fly With Me* and an Angel recording of *The New World Symphony*.

Also included in the six hours of in-flight music were several individual songs excerpted from Capitol albums—Joe South singing "Gabriel" and Bettye Swan singing "Angel of the Morning" among them.

Let's see Russia top that!

Ronald Reagan has been writing letters to such addressees as Humble Harve, Dick Saint, Jimmy Rabbitt, and B'wana Johnny. The governor is starting a campaign in conjunction with the California PTA's "to wipe out the drug menace" from the state's merry face. To begin, he has sent personally-signed letters to announcers at 16 Top-40 stations throughout California.

"You have a great responsibility to the younger generation's general welfare and well-being," Reagan reminds the DJs. He asks them to sandwich anti-drug messages (from an ad agency fact sheet) between their pimple commercials and to send him air checks of their efforts. If the jocks do what their governor wants, they'll be telling kids, among other things: "Remember, speed kills. The best trip is reality—life is a groove!"



SATTY

## LOVE LETTERS AND ADVICE

—Continued from Page 3

It's infectious and I think a lot of people here would find it interesting. Songs like "Helule, Helule" by Douli Kabaka and George Agade on Equator Records out of Nairobi. But blues it ain't. This, it seems, ought to be a pretty spectacular discovery to people who've grown up thinking black music is all African, after all. It isn't.

G. L. HASSENPFUG  
VENTURA, CALIF.

SIRS:

Why in hell should I read how William Otterburn-Hall (whatever that is) didn't get an interview with Elvis Presley?

JOHN STRAYER  
DAVIS, CALIF.

SIRS:

Knowing how Morrison baffles—and how most literary attempts capture nothing but shreds of his dressies—I feel Jerry Hopkins has come through with the most honest interview I've read yet. I have read so much bullshit—like Morrison is an excuse for writers to play see-how-clever-I-am word-combination games—Morrison getting lost in a deluge of self-conscious images. True to his promise, Jerry forgot word trips and asked questions.

PAT LOONEY  
LOS ANGELES

SIRS:

Lester Bangs' review of *It's a Beautiful Day* was terribly one-sided. While some of the criticisms are justified, they are delivered with a crushing finality and to compare David LaFlamme's playing with the Hundred and One Strings is absurd. The syrupy sound of hundreds of violins in chorus bears no resemblance to the crisp tone of LaFlamme's electric violin, and the use of overdubbing on the album mixes the textures of regular and electric violins. In the area of the basic sound of *Beautiful Day* it's purely a matter of preference. Reviewers should recognize that their emotional response is an individual thing.

More concretely, several of his criticisms are valid. The lyrics are bad, without a doubt. The rhyme scheme is stumbling and the images are sometimes banal. Another valid criticism attacks the speed-up gimmick in "Wasted Union

Blues"—this concept of "psychedelia" used to afflict many SF groups which have now grown out of it. One remaining criticism has a deceptive aura of truth. If "Bulgaria" was meant to echo the Nonesuch album of Bulgarian music, it is a failure. But perhaps it is not.

A reviewer should show both aspects of an album, even when his response is more emotional than technical. The group certainly deserves the opportunity to fulfill the promise this first album holds.

FAREN MILLER  
OAKLAND, CALIF.

SIRS:

God fuck the Cream!! Save the Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band! My heroes!

THE FAMOUS ALASKA KING CRAB  
LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS

SIRS:

If you really listened to Peter Townshend's *Tommy*, really listened, you would know that the entire rock opera is about Avatar Meher Baba. He reincarnated in India in 1895 and recently left his body to return to his original state as God. Tommy Townshend became aware this year (he discovered, as the entire world will discover, that Meher Baba was the Avatar).

Dear Tommy from Brooklyn, I can tell you that Meher Baba loved your letter and its humor, because he was a groovy cat. I can also tell you that a deep curtain of ignorance veils your soul, for you are living in a gross body, as are most souls.

Don't listen to *Tommy* with your head. Listen with your highest consciousness. It is your heart, open up your heart.

GINA OVERMAN  
NEW YORK

SIRS:

Mao's little red book in one hand. *ROLLING STONE* article on Tibet in the other. Contradiction. Fuck you Mao. Six dollar Devonshire Downs ticket stub. Injured head from a thrown rock. Gate crashers. Spend your money on mescaline and reds. Increase your paranoia about the man. Worse than cops. Fuck the revolution.

DON FRENCH  
SAN JOSE, CALIF.

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RON LEIGHTON

## US Dope Crisis: Who's Holding?

BY BEN FONG-TORRES  
& GEOFFREY LINK

SAN FRANCISCO — For millions of dopers all over the country, it's been a long, frustratingly dry summer. The marijuana drought hit San Francisco in late May and has spread like a trail-blazing, crop-killing wildfire being fanned by troops of enthusiastic narcs.

"Crisis" is the word everywhere — in New York, Detroit, Kansas City, Seattle, Denver, Los Angeles, Berkeley, and San Francisco. In every metropolitan center in the country, the story is the same: Sky-high prices for the little grass that exists; plenty of burns; no definite explanations for the shortage but plenty of guesses, and a switch, en masse, to other turn-ons.

In San Francisco, the story can be told by figures. Where just four months ago weed could be copped for \$10 a lid and \$130 to \$150 a key (a slight boost from 1968 prices), a lid now costs \$15 while kilo prices roam wildly between \$200 and \$350. It all depends on the dealer and the quality and quantity of his supply — if a dealer can be found.

Los Angeles, close to the Mexican border, is in no better shape. Retail prices for a key, once the national low at \$100 per, are now around \$200 — for regular-quality weed. Lids are \$15, a \$5 jack-up from April prices. This for produce sold by Mexican farmers for \$40 a kilo, grass that once sold for \$7 an ounce.

"No one is getting anything across," one regular doper said. He visited a dealer in the Mexican federal penitentiary in Tijuana, however, and got an optimistic forecast that "it'll be harvesting season again soon in Mexico, and it's just a matter of time."

In Seattle, where the drought seems to have hit especially hard, a huge, mysterious shipment got in from Canada last weekend, in time for the Seattle Pop Festival. The wealth is not likely to be spread widely, though, since the Pacific Northwest has been desert-dry for some three months now. The situation, as one source put it: "No grass, a little mescaline, and lots of acid."

New Yorkers always paid around \$20 for a lid of grass, but prices now are very nearly prohibitive, having shot up faster than a newly seeded cannabis plant. In New York, theories on the drought are rampant. Heads are blaming the shortage on U.S. napalming of Mexican weed fields, an order from Nixon increasing the number of border guards

on the Mexican-U.S. line, hoarding by panicked dealers and holders, and stepped-up busts all over the country.

The guesses are close. The government isn't wasting chemicals that can kill Vietnamese people on mere plants. But in Hutchinson, Kansas, where the grass grows wild and sweet, there is official word of a massive program. The "County Noxious Weed Department" began a plant-killing program early in April, effectively wiping out miles of fields.

Meanwhile, in Mexico City, U.S. and Mexican grass-busters got together in June to drool over "sophisticated scientific devices and methods" that can make cannabis taste like real shit. One substance, specifically, can be sprayed on plant fields from helicopters and "makes the marijuana so foul-tasting it is unsmokable. Just a puff or two produces uncontrollable vomiting that not even the most dedicated smoker could ignore."

Many plantations are hidden in canyons and thick jungles, but the feds were also talking about serial detectors that could locate remote fields.

In retaliation, grass growers, the lawmen said, were using fertilizers to grow bigger crops in less time. Too, farmers were bundling weed more compactly, using new hydraulic presses to pack four times as much marijuana into smugglers' hiding compartments than before. At the time the lawmen were meeting, so their story went, dope was reported continuing to flow freely into the States from January through March 1969, they said, 106,000 pounds of grass had been confiscated by Customs on the Mexican border. For all of 1968, 147,000 pounds of stuff was seized.

But if marijuana is coming in, it's doing a good job of disappearing into thin air, not smoky air, even considering the increased number of smokers in the U.S. More likely than not, there are problems with getting weed out of Mexico, due possibly to any or all of three theories put forth by the imprisoned dealer in Tijuana.

"First," he said, "there's disorganization. Almost all the farmers are small-time operators, and there's no steady flow of grass up from Sonora, where most of the stuff is grown. There's no system involved, and it's all haphazard. A lot of farmers are also working for the feds, selling stuff to people, then finking on them to the border guards."

"Second, the FBI has started putting real pressure on the customs officers to tighten up at the borders." Guys with crew cuts and Ivy League clothes and chicks with frosted hair and summer dresses can get through with no hassles, but "all long-hairs are suspect and subjected to super-careful searches, and they're paying more attention to Mexi-

cans, since it's still mostly Mexicans who bring stuff across."

And there's been a problem with the crops, the dealer said. "The soil's getting bad." This last point, while plausible, goes through fertile and ible, is also a cause for hope. Marijuana, dry periods, and it may be that the planting cycle will soon bring forth generous crops once more.

But even if there are large amounts of grass getting in through Laredo, Texas and Arizona — and there obviously are — other problems exist. Big-time dealers are either hoarding their stashes — waiting for prices to keep climbing — or are ignoring grass all together. 1969 has been a good year for dope. Even though three shipments of about a ton each were stopped at the border last year, there was no lull in availability from October to May. Quality, too, has been excellent. Michoacan was in good supply and was being accepted as pretty much the successor to rare-as-gold Acapulco Gold.

Still, the scene in New York is little or no dealing. Mafia pushers who used to sell grass only to augment their income from harder stuff may have abandoned the more bulky, more troublesome weed because of increased pressures from feds. And in California, the quality chasm between types of marijuana is narrowing, while quantity measures for supposed kilos go down.

Where before the drought, full 2.2 pound keys were rare enough (most of them ranged from 25 to 29 ounces), a recent supply of 20-ounce keys coming into San Francisco commanded a \$225 tag.

Marijuana, its defenders have consistently argued, does not in itself lead to hard drugs. But now, with its supply at an alarmingly low ebb, more and more people are turning to hashish and acid, to speeds and reds, and to a host of other, newer drugs. Combinations of amphetamine and mescaline, such as TMA, TMA2, MDA, and MDMA are plentiful — and most of them are still legal. Also new on the drug shelves: PCB, which one user described as a "slow speed, good for concerts because you can really get into the music." PCB sells for 65 cents a hit and may in fact be a variation of the so-called THC on the market last year. (The "THC" turned out to be not tetra-hydrocannabinol, an active ingredient in grass, but a synthesized downer.)

These are tough times for those who consider marijuana a staple in their diet, with almost everyone — lawmakers, narcs, dealers, farmers, scientists, and even trained dogs — playing the spoiler role at the same time.

But a good number of the men currently incarcerated in Tijuana are plan-

ning to form an organized network of allied growers and dealers to push steady supplies into the states. Coupled with the anticipated swing back into harvesting season at the plantations, it could mean that by autumn, things will be back to where they always belonged.

## Leary Busted in LSD Death Case

RIVERSIDE, Calif. — They're after Timothy Leary again, this time on a contributing to the delinquency of a minor charge, following the drowning of a 17-year-old girl on his nearby Mountain Center ranch.

The Riverside County coroner claims the young girl was under the influence of LSD at the time of her death.

Leary was not at the ranch owned by his Brotherhood of Eternal Love Corporation at the time narcotics investigators arrived (July 24th). But five others who were present were arrested on suspicion of possessing marijuana. All were in their twenties and said they were residents of the ranch.

The raid was made with a search warrant issued by Riverside County Municipal Judge Roland Wilson after he received an autopsy report on the July 14th death of Charlene Renee Almeida of Laguna Beach.

According to Coroner James Bird Jr., one of the county's pathologists, Dr. F. Rene Modglin, discovered the presence of LSD in the body using a relatively new technique. He was not much more specific than that, except to say the tests weren't used often because quantities of acid in the blood stream usually were too small to detect.

Leary, who is running for governor of California, announced a press conference for the next day — July 25th — at the offices of the Los Angeles Free Press. At 3:55 P.M., five minutes before the conference was to begin, Leary's lawyers put down a \$625 bail against the warrant which was out for him, but even this, the age of electronic, super-speedy communications, it wasn't early enough. Upon arrival at the newspaper's parking lot, he was arrested by four plainclothesmen — in front of some 500 persons, including wife Rosemary, TV cameras, and press photographers. He was released immediately when officers at the station caught up with Leary's lawyers' actions.

Leary, in a statement prepared for the press in case of arrest, denounced the "cavalry raid" as an example of "the ghoulish lengths to which Mr. Reagan's police will go in their war against youth."

**Hallelujah**



**CANNED HEAT  
HALLELUJAH**



**AT LAST, SALVATION IS HERE**

## James Taylor

—Continued from Page 1

John's gone away for two weeks, just to get away from it all."

Taylor rolled a cigaret (using Lloyd's Old Holborn rolling tobacco, from England) and took another sip from the bottle of beaulolais he'd kept at arm's reach. His girlfriend Maggie—he calls her Margaret; she calls him James—sat nearby, monitoring the interview and occasionally adding a biting comment.

He talked of many things.

On dope: "People who say they take drugs for a mystical or religious experience are full of shit, man. It gets you high. That's its only redeeming feature."

On himself: "I'm a musician and a songwriter, not a soothsayer. I'm certainly not a sex symbol. I don't want to be a super-star." Then, realizing how self-conscious he was sounding: "Shucks, folks, all I really want is a horse and a wagon and on weekends we'll drive to town." Grinning.

On his music: "There's a larger and larger translation process that takes place between my making music and it's coming out on a record. I hope my next album will be simpler. It has to be, because the music is simple and a big production job just buries all my intentions."

Taylor started telling stories about his childhood in Chapel Hill, N.C., about the time his father, a doctor, went off with Admiral Byrd on Byrd's last trip to the Antarctic and how that left his mother at home alone to take care of the bees; trouble was, she forgot to put a hat on and about a hundred bees got inside her face mask and she was damned lucky to survive.

His parents were pretty rich, he said, and he went to a fancy prep school in Massachusetts, and then to a fancy mental hospital in the same state, the Austin Riggs Center, written and sung about but not mentioned by name in his song "Knocking 'Round the Zoo": "My friends all come to see me, they point at me and stare. Said he's just like the rest of us, so what's he doing in there?"

"They have a high school there in the hospital," Taylor said, "and that's where I finished. Graduation was really weird. The guy who was making the speech was talking about now that we were men, we had the responsibility of the world on our shoulders and all of that."

Maggie finished the thought: "And half the people in the graduating class were really eh-eh-eh-eh-abhhrrrrggghhh!" She threw her arms around spastically. "They didn't care about responsibility," she said. "They'd been through all that and they'd rejected it already."

Taylor took another sip of beaulolais, smiled, and said the hospital high school was a real tradition in his family; his brothers and sister were graduates as well.

At 18, Taylor went to New York, to live on the lower East Side, where he played guitar and wrote songs for a group called the Flying Machine. Then, in the waning winter days of 1968, he found himself in London auditioning in the white house on Savile Row which the newly formed Apple Record Company had made its home. He was signed almost immediately.

Since then, Taylor has spent most of his time in England. "I learned a lot about America there," he said. "I learned America has no culture, except that which exists in terms of there being no culture. The philosophy of no philosophy, y'know?"

"That's the difference between the United States and England. Age. Tradition. People in England aren't uptight about long hair because there's still the pub, tea time and the Queen. There are those constants. They're not afraid. They don't feel threatened. But here in the United States everything is changing. There aren't the constants. People are afraid."

He paused and plunged on again. "There's no responsibility with power in this country," he said. "Because power is money and money is available to everyone—even to those who are not responsible; or worse, totally irresponsible."

Taylor said this didn't mean he'd had it with his native country. In fact, he said, he was hoping to buy some land on Martha's Vineyard.

"In a way, it's all up to Allen Klein, isn't it?" he said. "He's got my record contract and now he's after my writing. I know he is. He's in charge of my money now. He's also responsible for my career. And it terrifies me."



Aretha: talking about Garland

## Dylan Booked for Isle of Wight

LONDON—Bob Dylan has been contracted for a concert appearance at the Isle of Wight August 31st.

Dylan will top the bill at the Second Isle of Wight Festival of Music to be staged from August 29th through the 31st. He has not appeared in Britain since 1965, and he is still rarely seen even in the United States.

Dylan was booked by festival promoter Rikki Farr and his partners, Ray, Ron, and Bill Foulk. Contracts were signed in New York on July 23rd, according to Ron Foulk.

What Dylan is being paid for the engagement is being kept secret. It was reported that he stipulated that the Band and Richie Havens appear with him. Both acts have now signed contracts.

Others scheduled for the festival, which will be held in a beautiful parkland overlooking the sea, include the Who, Joe Cocker and the Grease Band, Pentangle, Tom Paxton, Moody Blues, Fat Mattress, and Family.

The promoters of the festival are expecting a turnout of "at least 100,000." Admission on Sunday will be two pounds (\$6.80), and for more information, readers should write Fiery Creations, Ltd., at Tavistock House, Ward Road, Totland Bay, Isle of Wight.

## Aretha: Troubles In Motor City

DETROIT—The latest link on Aretha Franklin's chain of misfortunes was forged when she was arrested in Detroit on July 22nd after causing a scene in a parking lot. It was her second arrest in her hometown; she was picked up last year on a drunk driving charge.

Police from Highland Park (a Detroit suburb) picked up the soul queen in a factory parking lot only four miles from her home. She had reportedly stopped there to ask directions to her home.

While in the parking lot, she hit several cars. The police said she was uncooperative and caused a scene. At the time of the arrest, she was wearing a name tag from Detroit's Ford Hospital, from which she was on leave after several weeks' stay.

Police took her to the Highland Park Police station, reporting later that while enroute she talked continually about Judy Garland. At the station, she was asked to post a \$50 bond and left a \$100 bill when no one had change. Leaving the station parking lot, she knocked over a six-foot high sign.

Due to appear in court the following day, July 23rd, she didn't because, according to her attorney, she was home sleeping due to her upset over the death of the Rev. A. D. King. A bench warrant was then issued for her arrest. On July 24th, she appeared in court with attorney Stanley Wise and the judge offered her a \$50 fine or ten days in jail; she chose the fine. The judge reinstated her bond and the \$100 was refunded.

According to Wise, Miss Franklin had been under heavy sedation at the time of her arrest and had only been permitted to leave the hospital for a recording session. She had been hospitalized, according to Wise, to recover from tensions arising from the demands of her hectic schedule.

The day before her arrest, Miss Franklin's booking agent, Hugh Bowen, had said that although Aretha had been resting for a month because of a "conglomeration of fatigue, a thyroid condition and strep throat," she was due to return to work shortly.

Her illness caused her to cancel out a six-day gig at Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas after only two days. Aretha had also left a new Atlantic album unfinished. A bad throat was the official reason given for both departures.

Meanwhile, observers close to the singer speculate that difficulties for her father, the Rev. C. L. Franklin, are also contributing to her troubles. The Rev. Franklin was planning to star his daughter at his Houston Astrodome Soul Bowl until he ran into problems signing talent

and was then busted on a grass charge in Detroit.

As well, Aretha's marriage is reported to be finished, finally. The Chicago Daily Defender reported that on June 29th Aretha received final divorce papers from husband-business manager Ted White. But, says booking agent Bowen: "As far as I know, Miss Franklin is still married. I sent the Defender story to White. He didn't know anything about a divorce, either." Detroit sources, however, confirm the divorce story.

When Miss Franklin will be able to leave Ford Hospital is now up in the air. She had been due to resume her East Coast appearances on August 8th.

## Faith Plays Soft At NY Debut

BY JAN HODENFIELD

NEW YORK—When Blind Faith debuted in America at Madison Square Garden July 12th, they were greeted with a tumultuous ovation. The Clapton-Winwood-Baker-Grech group was pre-sold solid gold. To the 20,000 would-be fans who filled the Garden, they had to be great. Blind Faith—accepted with a solid wall of applause, with blind faith. But that applause turned out to be the loudest and longest of the evening.

Three days later, Atco Records called a press conference at which Atlantic President Ahmet Ertegun revealed there would be two separate covers for Blind Faith's first album. One cover, approved by the group itself, showed a waist-up view of a nude 11-year-old chick holding a model of a supersonic airplane. This, Atco discovered, horrified numerous distributors. A second cover was then rushed through showing the group all in line at a recording session. Both covers will be available to distributors. Which one will be found in stores depends on the distributor and retailer.

All of which underlines the bind Blind Faith is in—are they going to please themselves or give in to mass music-making commercialism? With the American tour schedule before them, the latter would seem the only avenue available. There are more coliseums enroute than any Roman ever tripped across.

At Madison Square Garden, given its sound system and set-up, it is doubtful that there was any satisfaction for the group beyond the \$96,000 gross. Several days after the concert, manager Robert Stigwood said in New York: "They would prefer to play in smaller places to get their music across. These large halls are creating a bad situation. But if they played smaller places, it would take twelve months to reach the same number of people. It's not a question of money—they just want to get across to the largest audience possible."

Blind Faith did no one a favor by playing at the Garden. They used one and a half amplifiers compared with the sixteen separate speakers the Cream used at New York's small Cafe Au Go Go in 1967. Since the stage was constantly revolving, the sound only hit part of the audience part of the time making it difficult to really hear what went on.

The audience, confronted with this merry-go-round of sound, turned increasingly lethargic, straightening up most abruptly for the fastest drums in the West—Ginger Baker. The last number "Do What You Like" gave Ginger his opening, and he was good.

When your antecedents are Traffic and Cream, it's not easy to avoid comparisons. Winwood's voice, for instance, became so omnipresent that the Traffic sound took precedence, but without Traffic's rich textures backing it up. Clayton naturally plays lead on many numbers but he also switches off to rhythm. In the presence of the super three, Rick Grech is bound to get overlooked. His one bass solo proved that he is good if not outstanding. He played electric violin on "Sea Of Joy," the most formless piece in the set.

After the Garden sound problems, Blind Faith have decided to carry their own sound equipment for protection. But ultimately their reputation will depend on their album, even though Ertegun at the press conference said: "If we'd known they were going to do this well, we wouldn't have rushed the album."

Blind Faith are reported to be getting as much as \$25,000 guarantee per performance against 65 per cent of the gate. Stigwood hedges that it varies from 20 to 40 per cent of the gate. Whatever it is, it's a lot of dollars for a matter of blind faith.



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## TV Discovers the Music Scene

HOLLYWOOD—Once again the television industry is turning its eye to popular music, with an 18-show series about festivals already on the educational stations and several new series or specials planned for the fall season. One of these is a contemporary *Hit Parade* created by one of the Smothers Brothers producers.

Perhaps it is this last idea, called *The Music Scene* and set for a late September debut on ABC-TV, that holds the most promise. Those already booked to appear include Javis Joplin, Blood, Sweat and Tears, Roger Miller, Johnny Cash, Buffy Sainte-Marie, Merle Haggard, Charley Pride, Pat Paulsen, the Beatles and the Rolling Stones.

Hosts of the 45-minute Monday night show will be the members of San Francisco satirical troupe The Committee.

The only peculiar aspect of *The Music Scene* is its tie-in with Billboard. Although this new show will not pretend to present the Top 10 or anything truly relating to it, the program's co-producer Ken Fritz said as often as possible the songs included would be based on the various Billboard charts.

"We'll be using all the charts in the trade paper," Fritz said. "Not just the Hot 100, but the country-western, rhythm and blues, easy listening . . . all of them. We'll be taping segments whenever people are available and on Tuesdays, when we get the advance word on the charts Billboard will run the next week, we'll start peeing that next week's show together."

Already being broadcast on National Educational Television's 162 stations is *Sounds of Summer*, 18 programs covering some of this summer's music festivals—ranging over blues, jazz, folk, pop and what the show's producer, Craig Gilbert, calls "serious music."

The program, running two hours with narration by Steve Allen, began in June with the Casals Festival in Puerto Rico and during that month and July NET's cameras also visited the Boston Pops, the Memphis Blues Festival and Pittsburgh's Festival of Folk, among others.

Those tentatively scheduled for August and September include the Mississippi River Festival at Edwardsville, Illinois (with Joni Mitchell, Buffy Sainte-Marie and Arlo Guthrie, air date August 31), the Jacobs Pillow Dance Festival (August 10), Pete Seeger on the Hudson (a visit to his sloop August 24) and San Francisco's Wild West Show (September 28).

Coverage of the Wild West Show is extremely tentative, Gilbert said, and if the summer series slips by without any program of rock it will be a shame but easily understood.

"We've had to stay away from the rock festivals," he said. "They're too disorganized, and everybody involved expects to make an enormous amount of money. They seem to have no time for NET. TV is TV to them and they want big money, which we don't have."

"When we approached the people at Devonshire Downs here in Los Angeles, they told us we'd have to stand in line behind major studios, the networks and several independent filmmakers and if they all said no, then we could make our offer—and it was indicated we should be ready to talk money. We heard the same line at Denver and Atlanta."

Other pop music programs announced for the coming days and months include

- *& Beautiful*, an all-black special to be syndicated by a manufacturer of products for blacks and featuring Della Reese, Wilson Pickett, the Blossoms, Letta M'bulu, the Watts 103rd Street Rhythm Band, Little Dion, Redd Foxx and Wilt Chamberlain. The program's producer-director, writer, composer-conductor, and choreographer are also blacks.

- NBC has several specials planned, one of them a sequel to Motown's *TCB* of last year, *TCB on Broadway*, starring the Supremes and the Temptations with Diana Ross as hostess.

- While on August 7th ABC presents *Innocence, Anarchy and Soul*, an hour special produced by Jack Good in England and starring Lance Le Gault, Julie Driscoll, Brian Auger & the Trinity, Lulu, Alan Brown and Chris Farlowe, with Emperor Roscoe and the Flirtations representing the Soul and the show



Felix Pappalardi, high on a Mountain

## Felix Finally Gets His Own

BY BEN FONQ-TORRES

NEW YORK—Felix Pappalardi, foremost practitioner of what might be called producer-participation (he has played on almost every album he has produced, including those by Cream, the Youngbloods, Richie Havens, and Jack Bruce), has formed a group of his own.

The band is called Leslie West's Mountain, featuring Pappalardi on bass and ex-Vagrant Leslie West on guitar and vocals.

Despite its having been together only four weeks, the band, propelled mostly by Pappalardi's magic name, already has an album out and is heavily booked. Following a debut engagement at Fillmore West, they went straight to the Whisky in Hollywood and from there to Chicago's Kinetic Playground and Boston's Tea Party. They will be part of the Woodstock Festival in mid-August.

The Mountain sound, at this point, is dominated by West's gravelly, blues-shouting voice. A portly, cuddly-looking specimen, he looks like a white Sweet Linda Devine with the voice of Andy Devine. Pappalardi, the dark, moustachioed Italian, stays mostly in the background but plays a thumping, percussive bass and is an adept, controlled vocalist with a surprisingly high range on his featured number, "Theme for an Imaginary Western." Organist is hulky Steve Knight, and Norm Smart is the drummer.

Pappalardi's most recent effort as a producer was with Bruce's LP, *Songs for a Tailor*, on which he sang and played guitar. "But I felt dried up in the studio," he said, "and I just felt like getting out and playing again."

Pappalardi was at one time a session man backing up such artists as Tom Paxton and Ian and Sylvia. He played bass for a year and a half with the Big Three (Mama Cass Elliott's pre-Mugwumps group), and he was lead singer for another obscure group when he was asked by the Youngbloods to be their producer.

Besides his new role as a fledgling star of stage and records, Pappalardi has founded a new record company, Windfall, a subsidiary of Bell Records. Pappalardi and partner Bud Praeger are working with a smaller company because, he says, "ours is a deal based on artistry as opposed to money."

"I don't want to be fucked about in a situation where there are a million things going on and the executives can't see what's happening even when something earth-shaking is put in front of them." That, he said, was the case with Cream at Atlantic.

Windfall, he says, will be the kind of

record company that can spot such things, "things that are meaty musically and poetically."

Pappalardi and Mountain came together while he was producing an album by Leslie West, begun before his Jack Bruce assignment. As the LP evolved, Pappalardi began playing bass and shuffled personnel around until the current ensemble was formed. Then he took off for London to record Bruce, returned, went fishing, and decided it was time to practice what he'd been producing for so long.

## Woodstock Festival Is On the Run

NEW YORK—The Woodstock Art and Music Fair, which was moved 15 miles away to Wallkill from Woodstock in May, has been shifted again and the Fair is now scheduled to be held in Bethel, New York, 45 miles away from Woodstock and 98 miles from New York City. The dates are still August 15th to 17th.

Following a hassle with the Wallkill townspeople, some of whom applied for an injunction to keep the festival out of the town (population 10,000), the promoters, Woodstock Ventures, applied to, and have been accepted by, the Town Board of Bethel (population 2,366).

The Wallkill Concerned Citizens Committee had charged that the Fair would overburden the town's ability to deal with sanitation, traffic and "security," and would generally disrupt town life. Woodstock Ventures, however, says it made provision for both health and traffic problems and will be hiring 300 off-duty New York City cops to control the crowds. Further, they are applying for a \$3-million insurance policy to cover unexpected contingencies.

Most of Bethel is welcoming the Fair, to be held on the 600-acre farm of dairyman Max Yasgur. The only open protest has been a small sign in the middle of town reading: "Stop Max's Hippie Music Festival No 150,000 hippies here. Buy no milk."

So far, 60,000 tickets have been sold for the three-day event which promises Eighteen Top Name Acts including Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix, Jefferson Airplane, Joan Baez, Ravi Shankar, Blood Sweat and Tears, the Who and the Band. Tickets are \$7 per day, \$13 for two days, and \$18 for all three. Promised are free camping grounds and free rice kitchens. Meanwhile, the four promoters are planning to file suit against "town agencies and individuals" in Wallkill for "millions of dollars" to cover the cost of packing up and moving the Fair from Wallkill to Bethel.

## Pop Comes Back To Miami

HALLANDALE, Fla.—Plans for the second annual Miami Pop Festival have been approved by city authorities here—plans that include a free outdoor concert for senior citizens.

Tom Rounds, president of Watermark, Inc., co-producer of the first Miami Pop Festival, said that the average age of residents in this retirement community is 55, and plans should be made to accommodate them musically, along with the 50,000 or 100,000 young people he expects to attend.

"So instead of having one of those after-the-concerts-over free shows for kids, we're going to have a free concert for the older folks," Rounds said. "We'll have a Lawrence Welk type act, pass out incense, the whole bit."

Another difference at this year's festival will be that a part of the proceeds will be earmarked for charity. Rounds said use of the money will be determined by the newly formed Hallandale Foundation, which will be administered entirely by local residents.

Perhaps the most unusual aspect of the three-day fete, however, is that it will be the first of the "pop" festivals to be invited back. This fact was considered especially unusual in that since the first pop festival held here last December, Miami had become the birthplace of a "decency" movement, a reaction to the now-legendary Doors concert in March.

Despite this, it was over only minor opposition the city commission approved the festival plans and advised the local licensing bureau to issue the necessary permits upon payment of fees.

The festival will be held December 28th, 29th, and 30th in Gulfstream Park (same as last year), one of the three largest horse tracks in southern Florida. Again there will be two stages used and approximately 30 acts on the bill.

Before joining Watermark, Inc., Rounds was program director of KFRC in San Francisco, associated with the Magic Mountain Fantasy Faire, and founder of Charlatan Productions, a Hollywood-based company that made rock and roll promotional films.

## Airplane Puts RCA Up Against Wall

LOS ANGELES—Jefferson Airplane and RCA have just finished up their latest fight—this time over what the record company called "objectionable words" in two songs from the band's upcoming sixth album.

One of the songs, a Paul Kantner composition titled "We Should Be Together," has the line "up against the wall, motherfucker" in it and the execs at RCA made it clear that that particular cliché doesn't appeal to them at all.

The second of the "objectionable" lines is more original and rather more amusing and is from "Eskimo Blue Day" by Grace Slick:

Animal game for me  
Mineral rain  
But the human name  
Doesn't mean shit to a tree

The conflict—began during final editing of the LP—was a simple one. RCA believed inclusion of the lines will make the album less commercial, because several record chains might boycott the disc. Jefferson Airplane, meanwhile, said record chains like that suck, and the lines should stay.

In the end—which came about two weeks ago—RCA execs gave up. Both songs—and both words—will be on the LP when it is released late in August.

Although members of the band claim they've gotten a few other four-letter words past the RCA censors by burying them in instrumental or vocal overdubs in albums past, this is not the first time lyrics have been audible enough (and considered controversial enough) to cause eyebrows to go shooting for the receding hairlines in the executive suite.

The band's first single release, "Runnin' Round This World," had the word "trips" in it and that was deemed so daring at the time, the song was not included in the Airplane's first album, *Jefferson Airplane Takes Off*.

BY JOE PILATI

"Hey you smokin' mother nature,  
This is a bust."

—Peter Townshend

Tommy

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Cherry blossoms sprouted in Washington this spring, as they do every spring, but rather than pause in prayerful contemplation of nature renewing itself amidst the burgeoning bureaucracy, a lot of legislators have chosen to concern themselves with other flora. Predictably, many elected representatives are still laboring under the delusion that *cannabis sativa* is best dealt with by planting Repression Rhododendrons in close proximity. In a climate already peculiarly favorable to raising penalties and escalating rhetoric, the noxious Nixon Gas wafts skyward and mixes with seasonal hot air masses on Capitol Hill.

With a rhetorical flourish rarely matched since the halcyon days of Harry J. Anslinger, the President surfaced the administration's omnibus drug bill on July 14th, claiming that dope has been "the primary cause of the enormous increase in street crimes over the last decade." The bill's consciousness-contracting provisions include the following:

- Increased fines to be imposed on grass dealers;

- Increased penalties for possession of LSD, including a mandatory two-to-10-year rap for a first offense, and five-to-20 for a second (first offenses now carry a maximum penalty of one year);

- Creation by the Attorney General of an "action task force" to cool border traffic;

- Amending of the Marijuana Tax Act to "make it a federal offense for anyone to possess or traffic in marijuana if he does not possess a state license." This provision would circumvent the Leary decision in which the Supreme Court ruled that the Act as presently written violates constitutional safeguards against self-incrimination.

- "Strengthened international cooperation" to crack down on production of grass and other drugs in foreign countries.

In an apparent reference to the melancholy fact that Julie and David Eisenhower are somewhat atypical college students, Nixon noted that "it is doubtful that an American parent can send a son or daughter to college today without exposing the young man or woman to drug abuses . . . Several million college students have at least experimented with marijuana, hashish, LSD, amphetamines or barbiturates." Labeling this "a growing menace to the general welfare," Nixon decreed that "society has few judgments too severe, few penalties too harsh for the men who make their livelihood in the narcotics traffic."

Not long ago, Sen. Ted Kennedy was regaling acquaintances with a "pot joke"—when he was still telling jokes. According to an indiscreet confidant of the Kennedy clan, Teddy was wondering aloud "how Nixon can be so opposed to grass when every other week he sends Rockefeller to South America to get stoned."

The gag, however lame, is hilarious next to some of the pending legislation concerning marijuana in the 91st Congress. Nine of the more enlightened and liberal members of the House, led by Edward I. Koch (Dem.-N.Y.) and including California's Don Edwards and Glenn Anderson and Chicago's Abner Mikva, have attempted to undercut some of the really bad trips sponsored by their colleagues by offering H. R. 11540, "A Bill to provide for the establishment of a Commission on Marijuana." Koch envisions a presidential panel not unlike the British Advisory Committee on Drug Dependence, which submitted the so-called Wootton Report to the British Home Secretary, Richard Callaghan, last November. The report called for "abolition of imprisonment as a punishment for possession of and for petty trafficking in small quantities of cannabis." Mr. Callaghan, alas, rejected with a haughty harrumph the Committee's findings and recommendations. Meanwhile, back in the U.S., the nine Congressional liberals have labored mightily to make the Koch bill palatable to the fools on the Hill, but like certain other merchandise which comes to the consumer sugar-treated, the end product finally represents a short count. Apart from the fact that the bill authorizes none other than the President to appoint the nine members of the Commission, who would then ruminate over medical, pharmacological, and legal aspects of dope smoking, it really offers nothing more substantial than the tried-

and-timed liberal response to popular upheaval: "Let's form a committee."

But if the Koch bill is merely innocuous, the available alternatives are downright pernicious. S. 189, introduced by Senator Thomas Dodd (Dem.-Conn.), is a 102 page catch-all which by virtue of sheer bulk seems likely to be counterposed by Congressional Democrats against President Nixon's drug bill. The Dodd bill is prefaced with the grandiloquent observation that "widespread increase in the illicit traffic, use, and abuse of narcotics and dangerous drugs, especially by juveniles, threatens the public health and safety, and therefore is of critical national concern." It therefore calls for "a Joint United States-Mexican Commission to investigate and to recommend appropriate solutions concerning the flow of marihuana between the United States and Mexico," and declares the need for "a central Federal agency to coordinate Federal control of drug

may, without notice of his authority and purpose, break open an outer or inner door of a building, or any part of the building, or anything therein, if the judge or United States magistrate issuing the warrant is satisfied that there is probable cause to believe that if such notice were to be given the property sought in the case may be easily and quickly destroyed or disposed of, or that danger to the life or limb of the officer or another result, and has included in the warrant a direction that the officer executing it shall not be required to give such notice."

On page 66 of the Dodd bill, the bleary-eyed citizen is further informed that it shall be "unlawful for any person knowingly or intentionally . . . to use any communication facility in committing or in causing or facilitating the commission of any act or acts constituting an offense under any provision of this Act." Communication facilities are de-

of marihuana, narcotic drugs, and dangerous drugs." Utt's proposal differs from the analogous provision in the Dodd bill in that it presumes that "100 per centum of the marihuana seized by the enforcement officials in the southwestern part of the United States comes from Mexico"—a presumption disputed in the recent majority ruling by the Supreme Court in Timothy Leary's case. Interestingly enough, the Utt resolution is co-sponsored by his Democratic colleague from California, Glenn Anderson, who is also a bedfellow of liberal Congressman Koch.

When the Supreme Court ruled on May 19 that Leary's 1966 grass conviction had to be overturned, the justices' decision had the practical effect of invalidating two key provisions of the federal marijuana statutes—thereby necessitating new legislation. According to attorney Joel Jay Finer, a member of Arthur Goldberg's law firm who represented Leary, the decision struck down both the "presumption of importation" of grass from outside the U. S. and the \$100-per-ounce federal tax imposed upon possessors, on the grounds that both provisions violate the Fifth Amendment privilege against self-incrimination. The high court (almost certain to render itself not-so-high now that the Senate has confirmed Burger with relish) ruled quite plausibly that Leary would have exposed himself to state prosecutions by paying the tax.

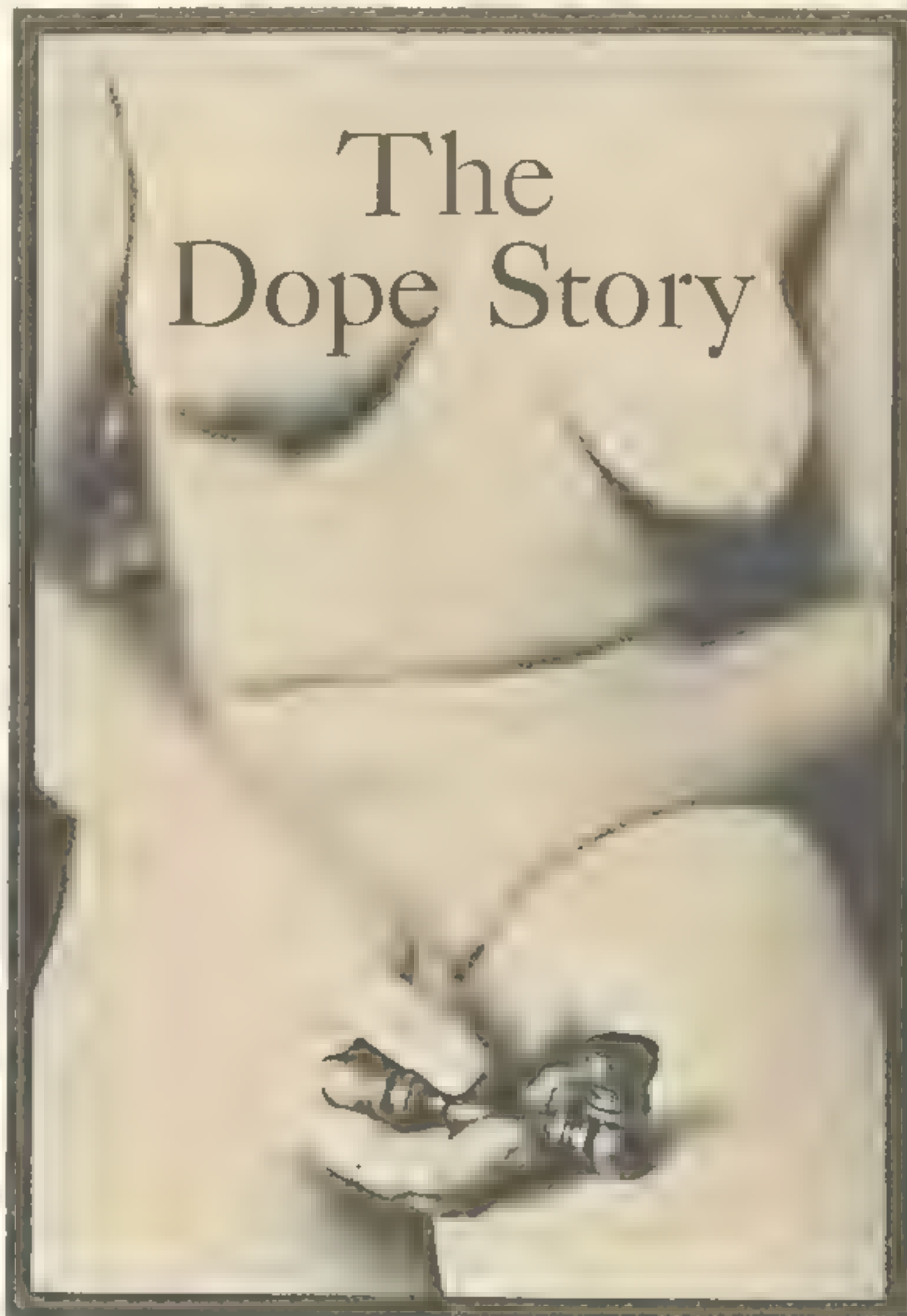
Finer points out that in the majority decision, Justice John M. Harlan emphasized that although the Leary victory rendered current federal statutes unenforceable, Congress can (and by implication should) enact new anti-grass legislation. Finer believes that Congress can be expected to build upon the foundation of state laws against possession—which were unaffected by the Leary decision—through activation of its power to regulate interstate commerce. After Leary was arrested in Texas three years ago, he was given what Finer calls "the standard offer" of having two of the three counts against him ("smuggling" and "importation") dropped, provided he would plead guilty to the charge of failing to pay the marijuana tax, which in turn would enable a judge to suspend his sentence. Leary spurned the offer, arguing that he was following his religious convictions. Although the religious freedom argument constituted, in Finer's words, "the main thrust of our argument," the Supreme Court carefully sidestepped this aspect of Leary's defense.

Finer is hopeful that the high court's decision earlier this year affirming an individual's right to possess pornographic material in one's own home might be applicable to marijuana cases. "The court held in effect that freedom of speech includes the freedom to receive ideas and communication," he said. "This premise might be broadened to include the right to use any substance to alter one's consciousness, so long as that substance can be proven to be relatively harmless."

The National Student Association's Drug Law Bulletin (Bimonthly, \$8 per year from NSA, 2115 "S" Street NW, Washington, D.C. 20008), reports in its first issue that grass legislation in the statehouses is a mixed bag of blessings and boomerangs. Nebraska's legislature passed a bill requiring 30-day suspensions of college students convicted of possession or use, while in Illinois, the House reduced the charge for a first offense of possession from a felony to a misdemeanor, punishable by up to six months in jail and/or a \$500 fine, rather than a minimum sentence of two years as formerly provided. The Pennsylvania Assembly is considering a bill to change the state's penalty for "possession with intent to sell"—presumably if more than one-quarter ounce of grass is seized—from the present 2-to-5 years and up to \$2,000 to up to 10 years and \$5,000. Another bill in the Rhode Island House of Representatives would impose a mandatory life sentence without parole for sale or possession of "narcotics or marijuana." In New York, on the other hand, the Assembly has before it a bill proposed by Assemblyman Franz Leichter to remove all criminal penalties for marijuana use, to grant amnesty to those already convicted, and to appoint a "blue-ribbon commission" to study the possibility of full legalization. Leichter concedes that his bill has almost no chance of passage.

Elsewhere in the federal labyrinth, Army spokesmen have confirmed that our Uncle Sam has perfected "an exceptionally potent form of THC (synthetic mari-

—Continued on Page 38



abuse affecting interstate commerce." It also authorizes the National Institute of Mental Health, in cooperation with the Attorney General, to conduct a two-year study (shades of the Koch bill!), on the basis of which the Attorney General would "place marihuana within one of three classifications, in accordance with the provisions of this Act, or exclude marihuana from any classification of this Act."

Pending completion of the study however, the bill dubs grass a "Class II Dangerous Drug," possession or sale of which invites a Federal penalty of up to five years in the can and/or \$15,000. Readers who have become habituated to the cathode-ray emission of their TV sets will recall that the NIMH is the very same NIMH responsible for a series of commercials in which a cacophony of voices reciting the virtues and evils of grass is climaxed (or anti-climaxed) with a stern admonition to the effect that "only one thing is certain about marijuana: It's illegal." Regarding the Attorney General, one need only ask rhetorically, would you buy a kilo from this man?

Down around page 48 of the Dodd bill, the esteemed paragon of ethics from the Crabgrass State suggests codification in law, once and for all, of search and seizure techniques already in common (albeit legally shaky) use: "Any officer authorized to execute a search warrant

fined to include "mail, telephone, wire, radio, and all other means of communication"; violation of this section alone would be punishable by a hitch in the hoosegow of up to three years, and/or a fine of \$30,000.

The only ever-so-slightly bright spot in the Dodd bill is the provision that persons busted for a first offense of possession, after pleading guilty or being found guilty, may be "conditionally discharged" and placed on probation. Again, this simply codifies what is standard practice in many jurisdictions; but then, in the very next paragraph, Senator Dodd reasserts his gruff demeanor by proposing that second offenders be punished "by up to double the maximum penalty provided for the particular offense." Oh well.

Not to be outdone by Senator Dodd, Congressman John Murphy (Dem.-N.Y.) has introduced H. R. 1263, a two-page quickie amending the Internal Revenue Code of 1955 by hiking the penalty for sale of "a narcotic drug to a minor" from "not less than 10 years" to "not less than 20 years." Congressman James B. Utt (Rep.-Calif.), whose interest in plant life has heretofore been confined to Birch germination, has jumped into the fray with H. J. Res. 494 ("a joint resolution"), requesting the President to negotiate with Mexico "for the purpose of setting up a joint United States-Mexican commission to investigate the flow

## The Sound of One Side Negotiating

SAN FRANCISCO—The Light Artists Guild, now counting some 60 light shows as members, is in negotiation with the two major concert producers in the city—Bill Graham and Chet Helms—for higher pay and better artistic and promotional treatment. So far, only one hang-up? Both Graham and Helms refuse to talk with the Guild.

The Guild, which has almost completely blanketed the Bay Area and Northern California, has set a scale of pay rates for member light shows, with the minimum a still-modest \$650 for three nights (Newer shows can charge as little as \$50 for a one time audition).

Initial contacts with the San Francisco rock producers, however, has netted only loud opposition to the Guild. Chet Helms of Family Dog says he won't deal with the upstart artists because they're "a monolithic body." Too, both he and the Family's talent-booker, Mike Christopher claim that light shows "are not what draw the crowds" and "don't influence people."

The Family, having only recently opened up at a small (1,000 legal capacity) hall on the beach, is also saddled with financial difficulties. But the Guild wasn't exactly formed because overly wealthy light artists had nothing better to do. According to spearhead Glenn McKay, light shows are getting today just about the same pay as three years ago, despite increased costs of equipment, materials, and maintenance.

Bill Graham, McKay says, thinks light shows should receive about the same pay as sound technicians and crew members. "He told us that he's done this [operating the Fillmore] for the community already and shouldn't have to pay any more to the light shows. He gave us enough material to fill a comic book."

If a last-ditch attempt to get the ballroom operators to sit down to negotiations fails, the light artists will meet to consider strike action. Various Guild spokesmen talked about certain support from a number of rock bands they'd contacted. The Guild now has members from as far away as Seattle, Washington, along with letters of support from artists in New York and Los Angeles.

The real strength of light show artists—and their work—will be revealed, however, only when pickets are set up in front of concert halls. Then they'll learn just how important the musicians and the community consider them.

## Country Joe Is Fixin' to Live

BERKELEY—Country Joe and the Fish, the together-again, apart-again band, is together again. And this time, the members—three of them new—have vowed to stay together at least one year.

The band now consists of Country Joe McDonald, guitarist Barry Melton, drummer Greg Dewey, bassist Doug Metzger, and organist Mark Katner. Former drummer Chicken Hirsch left in the middle of sessions for the fourth album, *Here We Are Again*; he'll soon be opening up an art supplies store across from an arts college in Oakland. Original bassist Bruce Barthol and organist David Cohen both emigrated to England last fall, before work began on the album. They left, manager Ed Denson said, "because of a grave dissatisfaction with the American political scene. They just didn't want to contribute anymore to what the American system was doing."

So, *Here We Are Again* was done with help from Jack Casady, Peter Albin, and David Getz along with horns and strings from Count Basie band members and Oakland Symphony Orchestra musicians.

Meanwhile, Country Joe himself hasn't been short on work. Before getting his new Fishes, he did a stint with the local comedy troupe, the Pitschel Players, and he recorded two country and western-tinged albums in Nashville, backed by a band of session men put together by Grady Martin. With no-nonsense pros behind him, Country Joe took all of three days to zip up two records' worth of songs. The first LP should be out within two months.

The Fish also have another pair of albums in the can—things recorded over



Drug smugglers in Lebanon

two weekends at Fillmores East and West.

As for the 1969 version of Country Joe, the band is set for a return trip to Europe in September, an eleven-city stomp including stops at Copenhagen, Munich, Frankfurt, Amsterdam, and London. "The Fish Cheer & I-Feel-Like-I'm-Fixin'-to-Die-Rug" is reportedly a classic in Europe, much like "Get Together" is an anthem in the U.S.

The new Fish have been together only since June, when Dewey, formerly with Mad River, joined in as drummer. The five reportedly vowed to stick together for the 12-month trial period, with Joe's theatrical and C&W interests to be encompassed by the group's musical stylings and stage act.

## All Along the Hash Trails

BY SAMY H. ABBOLD

BEIRUT—In normal times, hashish smugglers moving across Lebanon follow three main "routes," using any of the many impossible trails at each route. Customs and gendarmerie guards regularly patrol the rugged mountainous terrain for mule and donkey caravans carrying contraband to the coast.

Tiny Lebanon extends only about 135 miles from north to south and ranges from 20 to 25 miles in width. Two mountain ranges run parallel to the coast. The crests of the range in the east form an open boundary between pro-West Lebanon and militant Syria.

Over six weeks ago, the small but efficient outposts along the more southerly smuggling tracks between Tamourine and Akoura reported the massing of irregular forces within Syrian territory on the lower slopes of Biblical Mount Hermon.

Days later the hashish contraband disappeared as the dangerous armed infiltrators took over all mountain trails. They attacked and besieged Lebanese outposts, frontline villages and army barracks.

It is a hard land, heartless but most beautiful. Deep thickly-wooded cliffs end sharply near foaming streams. Needle-thin rocks jet high into the sky where eagles build their nests. Rock promontories dominate all the valleys.

Sometimes the valleys are so narrow that the branches of trees on both sides of the chasm nearly touch. Other gorges are so wide it takes an hour of good walking to cross.

Last week, I visited the trails that the smugglers of hashish used, then disappeared as infiltrators from Syria arrived. No hashish caravans were in sight. No convoys of infiltrators appeared. I arrived at Rachaya border-town when a group of fedayeen (commandos) appeared, carrying the bodies of two dead commandos. They belonged to the Syrian-sponsored Saiqa commando group.

The two men were killed half an hour earlier during a clash between the mem-

bers of the Saiqa group. No explanation was given as to the cause of the fight. The Rachaya inhabitants said they hear shots nearly every day in the forests where the fedayeen are now camped outside their town.

At any other time, Rachaya would have looked like a postcard with its red-tiled roofs, lush green gardens, wide verandas and arched entrances. But these days, the streets are nearly empty. The people prudently disappear indoors when trouble begins.

It was difficult to follow the entire trails from Rachaya, merely because of the danger entailed. This is not a woman's land. It is a stretch surrounded by the Lebanese army on one side, the Saiqa men on another, other commando groups on another stretch. And the Israeli army on yet another. Few more steps and I would have attracted the attention of any of them. This meant I would have been fired on.

So my guide would ask me to return and retrace our steps. First we followed the Trail of the Seven Scorpions.

Each trail bears a different name. One is called the Trail of Makarios because here a good catch of smuggled hashish was intercepted by Lebanese security officers, tipped by informers from Cyprus. And there is a Trail of Lovers, a Trail of Seven Sins and a Trail of the Saints.

Said an army officer: "As far as Lebanon is concerned, the commandos are Arab troops, however irregular they may be. Therefore, their presence here will have to be at the request and the approval of the Lebanese Government."

Certain reports had mentioned that this very point came up during the talks between the commandos and the Lebanese officials when top commando leader Arafat was in Beirut. Arafat is reported to have answered that the commandos do not maintain military bases in the full sense of the word.

## A Sky Pilot in San Francisco

SAN FRANCISCO—The artist who is planning to wire San Francisco into a city-wide, sky-high light and sound show, as a prelude to the Wild West show here, is inviting artisans in other cities to turn on their towns.

Paul Crowley plans to use Twin Peaks, a centrally located mountaintop site for many of the Bay Area's radio and TV transmitter towers, as the nerve center of the show, entitled "Mountain Composition of Xenogenetic Phenomena No. 1—39 Minutes for 39 Autos."

At exactly 9 P. M. on August 20th, musician Bob Mann, who composed the production, will raise his baton to trigger 39 parked automobiles, 39 passengers, three searchlights, two Moog synthesizers, and an untold number of downtown office buildings into action. The Moogs will play synthetic horns augmented by pre-recorded tapes of car horns and, of course, the sounds from the 39 actual

cars ringing the machines. Searchlights, said Crowley, will "reach like needles into the heavens," while skyscrapers will be lit, externally or internally, to form an artistic design when seen from a distance.

Two FM stations—KSAN and KPFA—are planning to carry the composition live so that anyone in the City may participate. And the educational TV station, KQED, may also broadcast from mountainside. McCune Sound Services will amplify and mix *Xenogenetic Phenomena* for broadcasting, and light artists are being invited to fill sides of office buildings with light shows during the 39 incredible minutes.

Art teacher Crowley's production is, officially, the inaugural event for Wild West, the three day all-arts, all-music stomp in Golden Gate Park running from August 22nd through the 24th. "The idea is to light the whole city up, and everybody should join in by using their imagination and doing anything—short of burning their houses down."

But Crowley also sees the event as an opportunity to connect vibes with cities like London and New York. "What we can do is send, say, New York a pulse at 9 o'clock—it'd be midnight there—and they can do anything they want in conjunction with us—using lights, utilities, arts. Since we're going to turn on our city, we're asking people around the country to do likewise."

For information on just how Crowley's getting his light-hearted venture together, and how to get in on it, write him c/o Wild West, 3044 Pine St., San Francisco 94105.

## James Brown At City Hall

LOS ANGELES—It began when James Brown's publicists decided wouldn't it be swell if when the soul brother played the Forum in Los Angeles, Mayor Sam Yorty made a proclamation designating the day of the concert James Brown Day.

Trouble was, the ceremony—during which Mr. Brown was to receive a slick certificate—was set for 10 AM and according to city hall sources, it's well-known that Ramblin' Sam seldom, if ever, comes ramblin' into his office until much later that day. So unbeknownst to Mr. Brown Deputy Mayor Joe Quinn was to substitute.

More trouble. When Mr. Brown arrived at city hall, publicist in tow, Joe Quinn wasn't around either, so another Deputy Mayor, Eleanor Chambers, stepped in.

"I believe in the dignity of man," Mr. Brown said "I'm a busy man. I was here at the appointed time. The mayor has a job to do. So have I. If I can take time to be here, I would assume he could too."

And so saying, Mr. Brown did a walk, leaving the poor lady deputy mayor standing there, certificate in hand. And the day of Mr. Brown's concert remained a Friday, just like any other Friday.

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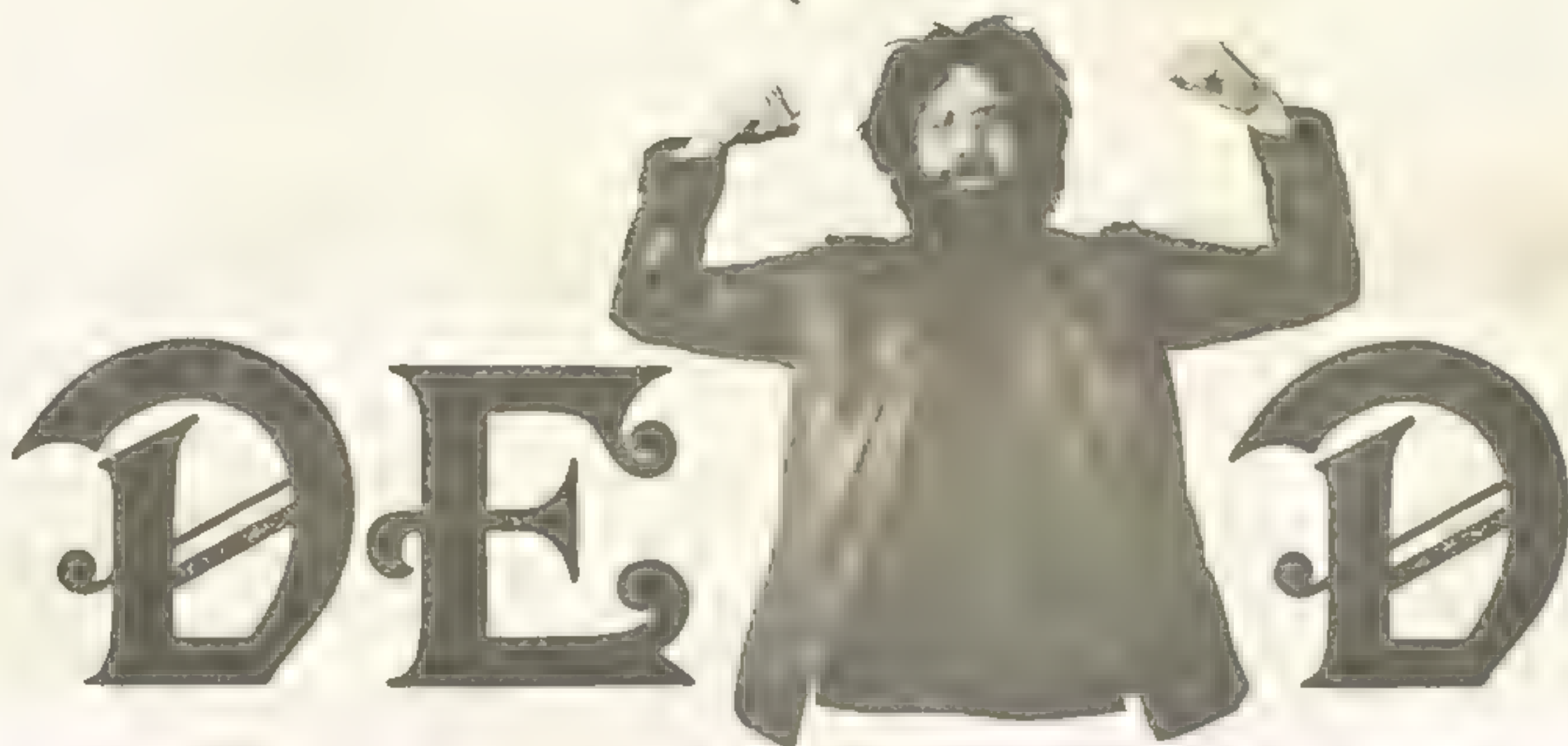
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*Their first group photo*

HERB GREEN

# The Grateful



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARON WOLMAN

by Michael Lydon

*But I reckon I got to light out for the Territory ahead of the rest, because Aunt Sally she's going to adopt me and civilize me and I can't stand it. I been there before.*

Mark Twain, *Huckleberry Finn*

The Dead didn't get it going Wednesday night at Winterland, and that was too bad. The gig was a bail fund benefit for the People's Park in Berkeley, and the giant ice-skating cavern was packed with heads. The whole park hassle—the benefit was for the 450 busted a few days before—had been a Berkeley political trip all the way down, but the issue was a good-timey park, so the crowd, though older and more radical than most San Francisco rock crowds, was a fine one in a good dancing mood, watery mouths waiting for the groove to come. The Airplane were on the bill too, so were Santana, the Act of Cups, Aum, and a righteous range of others; a San Francisco all-star night, the bands making home-grown music for home-grown folks gathered for a home-grown cause.

But the Dead stumbled that night. They led off with a warm-up tune that they did neatly enough, and the crowd, swarmed in luminescent darkness, sent up "good old Grateful Dead, we're so glad you're here," vibrations. The band didn't catch them. Maybe they were a bit tired of being taken for granted as sure-fire deliverers of good vibes—drained by constant expectations. Or they might have been cynical—a benefit for those Berkeley dudes who finally learned what a park is but are still hung up on confrontation and cops and bricks and spokesmen giving TV interviews and all that bullshit. The Dead were glad to do it, but it was one more benefit to bail out the politicians.

Maybe they were too stoned on one of the Bear's custom-brewed elixirs, or the long meeting that afternoon with the usual fights about salaries and debt priorities and travel plans for the upcoming tour that they'd be making without a road manager, and all the work of being, in the end, a rock and roll band, may have left them passed out. After abortive stabs at "Doing That Rag" and "St. Stephen," they fell into "Lovelight" as a last resort, putting Pigpen out in front to lay on his special brand of oily rag pig-ism while they funk'd around behind. It usually works, but not that night. Mickey Hart and Bill Kreutzman, the drummers, couldn't find anything to settle on, and the others kept trying ways out of the mess, only to create new tangles of bumpy rhythms and dislocated melodies. For the briefest of seconds a nice phrase would pop out, and the crowd would cheer, thinking maybe this was it, but before the cheer died, the moment had also perished. After about twenty minutes they decided to call it quits, ended with a long building crescendo, topping that with a belching cannon blast (which fell right on the beat, the only luck they found that night), and split the stage.

"But, y'know, I dug it, man," said Jerry Garcia the next night. "I can get behind falling to pieces before an audience sometimes. We're not performers; we are who we are for those moments we're before the

public, and that's not always at the peak." He was backstage at the Robertson Gymnasium at the University of California at Santa Barbara, backstage being a curtained-off quarter of the gym, the other three quarters being stage and crowd. His red solid body Gibson with its "Red, White, and Blue Power" sticker was in place across his belly and he caressed played it without stopping. Rock the manager was scrunched in a corner dispensing Tequila complete with salt and lemon to the band and all comers, particularly bassist Phil Lesh who left his Eurasian groupie alone and forlorn every time he dashed back to the bottle.

"Sure, I'll fuck up for an audience," said Mickey from behind his sardonic beard, bowing. "My pleasure, we'll take you as low and mean as you want to go."

"See, it's like good and evil," Jerry went on, his yellow glasses glinting above his eager smile. "They exist together in their little game, each with its special place and special humors. I dig 'em both. What is life but being conscious? And good and evil are manifestations of consciousness. If you reject one, you're not getting the whole thing that's there to be had. So I had a good time last night. Getting in trouble can be a trip too."

His good humor was enormous, even though it had been a bitch of a day. The travel agent had given them the wrong flight time and, being the day before the Memorial Day weekend, there was no space on any other flight for all fourteen of them. So they had hustled over to National Rent-a-Car, gotten two matched Pontiacs and driven the 350 miles down the coast. Phil drove one, and since he didn't have his license and had six stoned back seat drivers for company, he had gotten pretty paranoid. The promoter, a slick Hollywood type, had told them at five in the afternoon that he wouldn't let them set up their own PA. "It's good enough for Lee Michaels, it's good enough for you," he said, and they were too tired to fight it.

The Bear, who handles the sound system as well as the chemicals, was out of it anyway. When the band got to the gym, he was flat on his back, curled up among the drum cases. Phil shook him to his feet and asked if there was anything he could do, but Bear's pale eyes were as sightless as fog. By that time the MC was announcing them. With a final "oh, fuck it, man," they trooped up to the stage through the massed groupies.

Robertson Gym stank like every gym in history. The light show, the big-name band, and the hippie ambience faded before that smell, unchanged since the days when the student council hung a few million paper snowflakes from the ceiling and tried to pass it off as Winter Wonderland. Now it was Psychedelic Wonderland, but the potent spirits of long departed sweatsocks still owned the place. That was okay, another rock and roll dance in the old school gym. They brought out "Lovelight" again, this time the groove was there, and for forty minutes they laid it down, working hard and getting that bob and weave interplay of seven man improvisation that can take you right out of your head. But Jerry kept looking

more and more pained, then suddenly signaled to bring it to a close. They did, abruptly, and Jerry stepped to a mike.

"Sorry," he shouted, "but we're gonna split for a while and set up our own PA so we can hear what the fuck is happening." He ripped his cord out of his amp and walked off. Rock took charge.

"The Dead will be back, folks, so everybody go outside, take off your clothes, cool down, and come back. This was just an introduction."

Backstage was a brawl. "We should give the money back if we don't do it righteous," Jerry was shouting. "Where's Bear?"

Bear wandered over, still lost in some inter-cerebral space.

"Listen, man, are you in this group, are you one of us?" Jerry screamed. "Are you gonna set up that PA? Their monitors suck, I can't hear a goddam thing out there. How can I play if I can't hear the drums?"

Bear mumbled something about taking two hours to set up the PA, then wandered off. Rock was explaining to the knot of curious on-lookers.

This is the Grateful Dead, man, we play with twice the intensity of anybody else, we gotta have our own system. The promoter screwed us, and we tried to make it, but we just can't. It's gotta be our way man."

Ramrod and the other 'quippies were already dismantling the original PA.

"Let's just go ahead," said Pigpen. "I can fake it."

"I can't," said Jerry.

It's your decision," said Pig.

"Yeah," said Phil. "If you and nobody else gives a

good goddam."

But it was all over. Bear had disappeared. The original PA was gone, someone had turned up the houselights, and the audience was melting away. A good night, a potentially great night, had been shot by a combination of promoter burn and Dead incompetence, and at one AM it didn't matter who was to blame or where it had started to go wrong. It was too far gone to save that night.

"We're really sorry," Phil kept saying to the few who still lingered by the gym's back door. "We burned you of a night of music, and we'll come back and make it up."

If we dare show our faces in this town again," said rhythm guitarist Bob Weir as they walked to the cars. The others laughed, but it wasn't really funny.

They rode back to the Ocean Palms Motel in near silence.

"When we missed that plane we should have known," said Bill Kreutzman. "An ill advised trip."

Jerry said it was more than that. They took the date because their new manager, Lenny Hart, Mackey's father, while new at the job, had accepted it from Bill Graham. The group had already decided to leave Millard, Graham's booking agency, and didn't want anymore of his jobs, but took it rather than making Hart go back on his word. "That's the lesson take a gig to save face, and you end up with a shitty PA and a well burned audience."



"Show biz, that's what it was tonight," Mickey Hart said softly, "and show biz is the show."

The others nodded and the car fell silent. Road markers flicked by the car in solemn procession as the must rolled in off the muffled ocean.

It's now almost four years since the Acid Tests, the first Family Dog dances, the Mime troupe benefits, and the Trips Festival; almost the same since Donovan sang about flying Jefferson Airplane and a London discotheque called Sibylla's became the in-club because it had the first light show in Europe; two and a half since the Human Be-In, since Newsweek and then the nation discovered the Haight-Ashbury, hippies, and "the San Francisco Sound." The Monterey Pop Festival, which confirmed and culminated that insanely explosive spring of 1967, is now two years gone by. The biggest rock and roll event of its time, that three-day weekend marked the beginning of a new era. The Beatles (who sent their regards), the Stones, Dylan, even the Beach Boys—the giants who had opened things up from 1963 to '67—were all absent, and the stage was open for the first generation of the still continuing rock profusion. Monterey was a watershed and the one to follow it has not yet come. Though it was, significantly, conceived in and directed from Los Angeles, its inspiration, style, and much of its substance was San Francisco's. The quantum of energy that pushed rock and roll in the level on which it now resides came from San Francisco.

Since then what San Francisco started has become so diffuse, copied, extended, exploited, rebelled against, and simply accepted that it has become nearly invisible. One can't say "acid rock" now without embarrassed quotations. The city, once absurdly overrated, is now under-rated. The process of absorption has been so smoothly quick that it is hard to remember when it was all new, when Wes Wilson posters were appearing fresh every week, when Owsley acid was not just a legend or mythical standard, when only real freaks had hair down past their shoulders, when forty minute songs were revolutionary, and when a dance was not a concert but a stoned-out bacchanal. But it was real; had it not been so vital, it would not have been so quickly universalized. Since 1966 rock and roll has come to San Francisco like the mountain of Mohammed.

Its only two rivals in attractive power have been Memphis and Nashville—like San Francisco, small cities with local musicians who, relatively isolated (by choice), are creating distinctive music that expresses their own and their cities' life styles. Musicians everywhere have been drawn to both the music and ambience of the three cities, just as jazz men were once drawn to New Orleans, St. Louis, and Kansas City. Rock and roll has always been regional music on the lower levels, but success, as much for the Beatles and Dylan as for Elvis or James Brown, always meant going to the big city, to the music industry machine. That machine, whether in London, New York, or Los Angeles, dictated that the rock and roll life was a remote one of stardom which, with

a complex structure of fan mags and fan clubs, personal aides, publicity men, limited tours and carefully spaced singles, controlled the stars' availability to the public for maximum titillation and maximum profit. The fan identified with his stars (idols), but across an uncrossable void. The machine also tended either to downplay the regional characteristics of a style or exaggerate them into a gimmick. A lucky or tough artist might keep his musical roots intact, but few were able to transfer the closeness they had with their first audience to their mass audience. To be a rock and roll star, went the unwritten law, you had to go downtown.

San Francisco's major contribution to rock was the flaunting of that rule. The Beatles had really started it; on one hand the most isolated and revered group, they were also the most personal: you knew the image, of course, not the real them, but the image was lively and changing. The same is true for Dylan, but San Francisco made it real. The early days at the Fillmore and Avalon were not unlike the months that the Rolling Stones played the Crawdaddy Club in Richmond, but for the first time there was the hope, if not assumption, that those days would never have to end. The one-to-one performer-audience relationship was what the music was about. San Francisco's secret was not the dancing, the light-shows, the posters, the long sets, or the complete lack of stage act, but the idea that all of them together were the creation and recreation of a community. Everybody did their thing and all things were equal. The city had a hip community, one of bizarrely various people who all on their own had decided that they'd have to find their own way through the universe and that the old ways wouldn't do no more. In that community everybody looked like a rock star, and rock stars began to look and act and live like people, not gods on the make. The way to go big time was to encourage more people to join the community or to make their own; not to enlarge oneself out of it into the machine's big time. San Francisco said that rock and roll could be making your own music for your friends—folk music in a special sense.

Sort of; because it didn't really work. Dances did become concerts, groups eagerly signed with big record companies from LA to New York, did do long tours, did get promo men, secluded retreats, Top-40 singles, and did become stars. Thousands took up the trappings of community with none of its spirit; the community itself lost hope and direction, fought bitterly within itself, and fragmented. San Francisco was not deserted for the machine as Liverpool had been, but the machine managed to make San Francisco an outpost, however funky, of itself. Janis Joplin is still the city's one super star, but the unity of the musical-social community has effectively been broken; musicians play for pay, audiences pay to listen. There is now a rock musician's community which is international, and it is closer to the audience community than ever before in rock's history, but the San Francisco vision has died (or at least hibernated) unfulfilled. There are many reasons: bad and/or greedy management, the swamping effect of sudden success, desperation, lack of viable alternatives, and the combined flatteries of fame, money, and ridiculous adulation on young egos.

But the central reason is that rock is not folk music in that special sense. The machine, with all its flashy fraudulences, is not a foreign growth on rock, but its very essence. One can not be a good rock musician and, either psychically or in fact, be an amateur, because professionalism is part of the term's definition. Rock and roll, rather some other art, became the prime expression of that community because it was rock, machine and all, the miracle beauty of American mass production, a mythic past, a global fantasy, an instantaneous communications network, and a maker of super-heroes. There's no way to combine wanting that and wanting "just folks" too. The excitement of San Francisco was the attempt to synthesize these two contradictory positions. To pull it off would have been a revolution; at best San Francisco made a reform. In the long haul its creators, tired of fighting the paradox, chose modified rock over folk music.

All except the Grateful Dead, who've been battling it out with that mother of a paradox for years. Sometimes they lose, sometimes they win.

*True fellowship among men must be based upon a concern that is universal. It is not the private interests of the individual that create lasting fellowship among men, but rather the goals of humanity . . . If unity of this kind prevails, even difficult and dangerous tasks, such as crossing the great water, can be accomplished.*

—The I Ching, 13th hexagram:  
"Fellowship with Men"

The Grateful Dead are not the original San Francisco band—the Chanticians, the Great Society, and the Airplane all predate them, even in their Warlock stage—and whether they are the best, whatever that would mean, is irrelevant. Probably they are the loudest; someone once described them as "living thunder." Certainly they are the weirdest, black satanic weird and white archangel weird. As weird as anything you can imagine, like some horror comic monster who, besides being green and slimy, happens also to have seven different heads, a 190 IQ, countless decibels of liquid fire noise communication, and is coming right down to where you are to gobble you up. But if you can dig the monster, bammo, he's giant puppy to play with. Grateful Dead weird, ultimately, and what an image that name is. John Lennon joked about the flaming hand that made them Beatles, but Jerry Garcia is serious:

"Back in the late days of the Acid Tests, we were looking for a name. We'd abandoned the Warlocks, it didn't fit anymore. One day we were all over at Phil's house smoking DMT. He had a big Oxford dictionary, opened it, and there was 'grateful dead,' those words juxtaposed. It was one of those moments, y'know, like everything else on the page went blank, diffuse, just sorta oozed away, and there was GRATEFUL DEAD, big black letters edged all around in gold, man, blasting out at me, such a stunning combination. So I said, 'How about Grateful Dead?' and that was it."

The image still resonates for the Dead: they are, or desire to become, the grateful dead. Grateful Dead may mean whatever you like it to mean. Life-in-death, ego death, reincarnation, the joy of the mystic vision. Maybe it is Rick Griffin's grinning skull balancing on the axis of an organic universe that is the cover of *Aoxomoxoa*, their latest record. It doesn't matter how you read it, for the Dead, as people, musicians, and a group, are in that place where the meanings of a name or event can be as infinite as the imagination, and yet mean precisely what they are and no more.

In their first beginning they were nothing spectacular, just another rock and roll band made up of suburban ex-folkies who, in '64 and '65, with Kennedy dead, the civil rights movement split into black and white, Vietnam taking over from ban-the-bomb, with the Beatles, Stones, and Dylan, were finding out that the sit-and-pluck number had run its course. Jerry had gone the whole route; digging rock in the mid-Fifties, dropping into folk by 1959, getting deep into traditional country music as a purist scholar, re-emerging as a brilliant bluegrass banjo player, and then, in 1964, starting Mother McCree's Uptown Jug Champions with Pigpen and Bob Weir. Weir, who had skipped from boarding school to boarding school before quitting entirely, got his real education doing folk gigs and lying about his age. "I was 17," he says, "looked fifteen, and said I was 21." Pigpen, ne Ron McKernan, is the son of an early white rhythm and blues DJ, and from his early teens had made the spade scene, playing harp and piano at parties, digging Lightning Hopkins, and nursing a remarkable talent for spinning out juiced blues raps. All three were misfits. Jerry had dropped out of high school too to join the army which kicked him out after a few months as unfit for service. "How true, how true," he says now.

But the Jug Champions couldn't get any gigs, and when a Palo Alto music store owner offered to front them with equipment to start a rock band, they said yes. Bill Kreutzman, then Bill Sommers to fit his fake ID, became the drummer. A fan of R & B stylings, he was the only one with rock experience. At first the music store cat was the bass player, but concurrently Phil Lesh, an old friend of Jerry's, was coming to a similar dead end in formal electronic music, finding less and less to say and fewer people to say it to. A child violinist, then Kenton-style jazz trumpeter and arranger, he went to a Warlock gig on impulse and the group knocked him out. "Jerry came over to where I was sitting and said, 'Guess what, you're gonna be our bass player.' I had never played bass, but I learned sort of, and in July, 1965, the five of us played our first gig, some club in Fremont."

For about six months the Warlocks were a straight rock and roll band. No longer. "The only scene then was the Hollywood hype scene, booking agents in flashy suits, gigs in booze clubs, six nights a week, five sets a night, doing all the R & B-rock standards. We did it all," Jerry recalls. "Then we got a regular job at a Belmont club, and developed a whole maverick thing, playing songs longer and weirder, and louder, man. For those days it was loud, and for a bar it was ridiculous. People had to scream at each other to talk, and pretty soon we had driven out all the regular clientele. They'd run out clutching their ears. We isolated them, put 'em through a real number, yeah."

The only people who dug it were the heads around Ken Kesey up at his place in La Honda. All the Warlocks had taken acid ("We were already on the crazy-eyed fanatic trip," says Bob Weir), and, given dozens of mutual friends, it was inevitable that the Warlocks would play at La Honda. There they began again.

"One day the idea was there: 'Why don't we have a big party, and you guys bring your instruments and play, and us Pranksters will set up all our tape recorders and bullshit, and we'll all get stoned.' That was the first Acid Test. The idea was of its essence formless. There was nothin' going on. We'd just go up there and make something of it. Right away we dropped completely out of the straight music scene and just played the Tests. Six months; San Francisco, Muir Beach, Trips Festival, then LA."

Jerry strained to describe what those days were like, because, just like it says in Tom Wolfe's *Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*, the Dead got on the bus, made that irrevocable decision that the only place to go is further into the land of infinite recession that acid opened up. They were not to be psychedelic dabblers, painting pretty pictures, but true explorers. "And just how far would you like to go in?" Frank asks the three kings on the back of *John Wesley Harding*. "Not too far but just far enough so's we can say that we've been there," answer the kings. Far enough for most, but not for the Dead; they decided to try and cross the great water and bring back the good news from the other side. Jerry continued.

"What the Kesey thing was depended on who you were when you were there. It was open, a tapestry,



Bob Weir



Lenny Hart

a mandala—it was whatever you made it. Okay, so you take LSD and suddenly you are aware of another plane, or several other planes, and the quest is to extend that limit, to go as far as you can go. In the Acid Tests that meant to do away with old forms, with old ideas, try something new. Nobody was doing something, y'know, it was everybody doing bits and pieces of something, the result of which was something else.

"When it was moving right, you could dig that there was something that it was getting toward, something like ordered chaos, or some region of chaos. The Test would start off and then there would be chaos. Everybody would be high and flashing and going through insane changes during which everything would be demolished, man, and spilled and broken and affected, and after that, another thing would happen, maybe smoothing out the chaos, then another, and it'd go all night til morning.

"Just people being there, and being responsive. Like, there were microphones all over. If you were wandering around there would be a mike you could talk into. And there would be somebody somewhere else in the building at the end of some wire with a tape recorder and a mixing board and earphone listening in on the mikes and all of a sudden something would come in and he'd turn it up because it seemed appropriate at that moment.

"What you said might come out a minute later on a tape loop in some other part of the place. So there would be this odd interchange going on, electro-neural connections of weird sorts. And it was people, just people, doing it all. Kesey would be writing messages about what he was seeing on an opaque projector and they'd be projected up on the wall, and someone would comment about it on a mike somewhere and that would be singing out of a speaker somewhere else.

"And we'd be playing, or, when we were playing we were playing. When we weren't, we'd be doing other stuff. There were no sets, sometimes we'd get up and play for two hours, three hours, sometimes we'd play for ten minutes and all freak out and split. We'd just do it however it would happen. It wasn't a gig, it was the Acid Tests where anything was OK. Thousands of people, man, all helplessly stoned, all finding themselves in a roomful of other thousands of people, none of whom any of them were afraid of. It was magic, far out, beautiful magic."

Since then the search for that magic has been as important for the Dead as music, or rather, music for the Dead has to capture that magic. All of them share the vision to one degree or another, but its source is essentially Jerry Garcia. "Fellowship with

man" stresses the need of "a persevering and enlightened leader . . . a man with clear, convincing and inspired aims, and the strength to carry them out." Some call Jerry a guru, but that doesn't mean much: he is just one of those extraordinary human beings who looks you right in the eyes, smiles encouragement, and waits for you to become yourself. However complex, he is entirely open and unenigmatic. He can be vain, self-assertive, and even pompous, but he doesn't fool around with false apology. More than anything else he is cheery—mordant and ironic at times, but undauntedly optimistic. He's been through thinking life is but a joke, but it's still a game to be played with relish and passionately enjoyed. Probably really ugly as a kid—lumpy, fat-faced, and frizzy haired—he is now beautiful, his trimmed hair and beard a dense black aureole around his beaming eyes. His body has an even grace, his face a restless eagerness, and a gentleness not to be confused with "niceness," is his manner. His intelligence is quick and precise, and he can be devastatingly articulate, his dancing hands playing perfect accompaniment to his words.

Phil Lesh, Jerry's more explosive and dogmatic other half, comes right out and says that the Grateful Dead "are trying to save the world," but Jerry is more cautious. "We are trying to make things groovier for everybody so more people can feel better more often, to advance the trip, to get higher, however you want to say it, but we're musicians, and there's just no way to put that idea, 'save the world,' into music; you can only be that idea, or at least make manifest that idea as it appears to you, and hope maybe others follow. And that idea comes to you only moment by moment, so what we're going after is no farther away than the end of our noses. We're just trying to be right behind our noses.

"My way is music. Music is me being me and trying to get higher. I've been into music so long that I'm dripping with it; it's all I ever expect to do. I can't do anything else. Music is a yoga, something you really do when you're doing it. Thinking about what it means comes after the fact and isn't very interesting. Truth is something you stumble into when you think you're going some place else, like those moments when you're playing and the whole room becomes one being, precious moments, man. But you can't look for them and they can't be repeated. Being alive means to continue to change, never to be where I was before. Music is the timeless experience of constant change."

Musical idioms and styles are important to Jerry as suggestive modes and historical and personal fact, but they are not music, and he sees no need for them to be limiting to the modern musician or listener. "You have to get past the idea that music has to be one thing. To be alive in America is to hear all kinds of music constantly — radio, records, churches, cats on the street, everywhere music, man. And with records, the whole history of music is open to everyone who wants to hear it. Maybe Chuck Berry was the first rock musician because he was one of the first blues cats to listen to records, so he wasn't locked into the blues idiom. Nobody has to fool around with musty old scores, weird notation, and scholarship bullshit: you can just go into a record store and pick a century, pick a country, pick anything, and dig it, make it a part of you, add it to the stuff you carry around, and see that it's all music."

The Dead, like many modern groups, live that synthesis, but the breadth of idioms encompassed by the members' previous experience is probably unmatched by any other comparable band. Electronic music of all sorts, accidental music, classical music, Indian music, jazz, folk, country and western, blues, and rock itself — one or all of the Dead have worked in all those forms. In mixing them all they make Grateful Dead music, which, being their own creation, is their own greatest influence. It is music beyond idiom, which makes it difficult for some whose criteria for musical greatness allow only individual expression developed through disciplined understanding of a single accepted idiom. But a Dead song is likely to include Jerry's country and western guitar licks over Bill and Mickey's 11/4 time, with the others making more muted solo statements — the whole thing subtly orchestrated by an extended, almost symphonic, blending of themes. Whatever it is, Jerry doesn't like to call it rock and roll — "a label," he says — but it is rock, free, daring music that makes the good times roll, that can, if you listen, deliver you from the days of old.

It works because the Dead are, like few bands, a group tried and true. Five have been performing together for four years; Tom, though he only joined the group full time last year because of an Air Force hitch, has been with them from the beginning. Mickey, a jazz drummer leading the straight life until two years ago, joined because Dead music was his music. After meeting Bill and jamming with him twice, he asked to join a set at the Straight Theatre. "We played 'Alligator' for two hours, man, and my mind was blown. When we finished and the crowd went wild, Jerry came over and embraced me, and I embraced him, and it's been like that ever since."

The Dead have had endless personal crises; Pigpen and Bob Weir have particularly resisted the others. Pig because he is not primarily a musician, and Bob because of an oddly stubborn pride. Yet they have always been a fellowship; "our crises come and go in ways that seem more governed by the stars than by personalities," says Bob. A year ago Bob and Pigpen were on the verge of leaving. Now the Dead, says Phil, "have passed the point where breaking up exists as a possible solution to any problem. The Dead, we all know, is bigger than all of us." Subsets of the seven, with names like "Bobby Ace and the Cards from the Bottom" and "Mickey Hart and the Hearbeats,"

have done a few gigs and several of the Dead are inveterate jammers, but these separate experiences always loosen and enrich the larger groups, and the Dead continue.

In life as well as music; as with the magic, life for the Dead has to be music, and vice versa. When the Acid Tests stopped in the spring of 1966 and Kesey went to Mexico, the Dead got off the bus and started their own (metaphorical) bus. For three months they lived with Augustus Owsley Stanley III, the media's and legend's "Acid King," on the northern edge of Watts in LA, as he built them a huge and complex sound system. The system was no good, say some, adding that Owsley did the group nothing but harm. Owsley was weird all right, "insistent about his trip," says Bob, keeping nothing but meat and milk to eat, forbidding all vegetables as poisons, talking like a TV set you couldn't turn off, and wired into a logic that was always bizarre and often perversely paranoid if not downright evil. But what others thought or think of Owsley has never affected the Dead, he is Owsley, and they follow their own changes with him, everything from hatred to awe to laughing at him as absurd. If you're going further, your wagon is hitched to a star; other people's opinions on the trip's validity are like flies to be brushed aside.

Their life too is without any idiom but their own. They returned to San Francisco in June, 1966 and after a few stops moved into 710 Ashbury, in the middle of the Haight. It was the first time they actually lived in the city as a group, and they became an institution. "Happy families are all alike," Tolstoy said, but the happy family at 710 was different from most, a sliding assortment of madmen who came and went in mysterious tidal patterns, staying for days or weeks or just mellow afternoons on the steps bordered with nasturtiums. A strange black wing decorated an upper window, and occasional passersby would be jolted by some blarney from deep in the house's entrails. Like the Psychedelic Shop, the Panhandle, the Oracle office, or 1090 Pine St. in the early Family Dog days, it was another bus, an energy center as well as a model, a Brook Farm for new transcendentalists.

With all the other groups in the city, they did become a band, an economic entity in an expanding market. They did well, since the demise of Big Brother, they are second only to the Airplane of the San Francisco groups and are one of the biggest draws in the business. But the Dead were always different. Their managers, Rock Scully and Danny Rifkin, were of the family, stoned ten-thumbed inefficiency. While other groups were fighting for recognition, more and bigger gigs, the Dead played mostly for free. Monterey was a godsend of exposure to most groups, but the Dead bitched about it, arguing that it should be free or, if not, the profits should go to the Diggers, refusing to sign releases for the film that became *Monterey Pop!* and finally organizing a free festival on a nearby campus and stealing banks of amps and speakers for an all night jam (they were, eventually, returned).

But of course they did go; maybe Monterey was an "LA pseudo-hip fraud," but the Dead were a rock band as well as a psychedelic musical commune, and they knew it. The problem was combining the two. The spirit that had energized the early days was changing and becoming harder to sustain. The formlessness was becoming formalized; artifacts, whether posters, clothes, drugs, or even the entire life-style, became more important than the art of their creation.

"The Acid Tests have come down to playing in a hall and having a light show," Jerry says. "You sit down and watch and of course the lights are behind the band so you can see the band and the lights. It's watching television, loud, large television. That form, so rigid, started as a misapprehension anyway. Like Bill Graham, he was at the Trips Festival, and all he saw was a light show and a band. Take the two and you got a formula. It is stuck, man, hasn't blown a new mind in years. What was happening at the Trips Festival was not a rock and roll show and lights, but that other thing, but if you were hustling tickets and trying to get a production on, to put some of the old order to the chaos, you couldn't feel it. It was a sensitive trip, and it's been lost."

Yet in trying to combine their own music-life style with the rock and roll business, they have missed living the best of either. Their dealings with the business world have been disastrous. Money slips through their fingers, bills pile up, instruments are repossessed, and salaries aren't paid. The group is \$60,000 in debt, and those debts have meant harm to dozens of innocent people. "I remember times we've said, 'that cat's straight, let's burn him for a bill,'" says Phil Lesh.

They have never gotten along with Warner Brothers, reacting distrustfully to all attempts at guidance. The first record, *The Grateful Dead*, was a largely unsuccessful attempt to get a live sound in the studio. The second, *Anthem of the Sun*, was recorded in four studios and at 18 live performances; halfway through they got rid of producer Dave Hassinger and finished it themselves months behind schedule. *Aoxomoxoa* was delivered as a finished product to Warner's, cover and all, the company did little more than press and distribute it. All the records have fine moments, snatches of lyric Garcia melodies and driving ensemble passages. *Aoxomoxoa* (more a mystic palindrome than a word, by the way) is in many ways brilliant; precisely mixed by Jerry and Phil, it is a record composition, not a recording of anything, and its flow is obliquely powerful. But none of them are as open and vital as the Dead live, even accounting for the change in medium. "The man in the street isn't ready for



Ron (Pigpen) McKernan



Van Morrison

# NEWPORT 1969

PICTORAPHS  
BY  
BARON  
WOLMAN



James Taylor

BY JAN HODENFIELD

If 1965 was Dylan's year at Newport and 1967 Arlo's, then 1969 should have been James Taylor's. But 1969 was nobody's year at the 10th annual Newport Folk Festival and that may have been what was wrong. In an attempt to stay away from the star system, the festival lacked excitement and direction.

Given a chance, Taylor could have



Pete Seeger



Big Mama Thornton



Ike Everly



The Everly Brothers

smashed through. But, relegated to closing non-prestige daytime "Young Performers" concert on Sunday, he was cut off by a Festival official after eight numbers. When Taylor walked off after "Carolina," the entire drizzle-soaked audience stood for a five-minute ovation.

To no avail. Impresario George Wein lumbered out and announced that the astronauts had landed on the moon: now top that. Then, smiling: "The concert's over."

Taylor, unaligned with any power group at the Festival, looked down backstage and murmured: "I waited all week-end for this . . . and they only let me play 15 minutes." But those 15 minutes set a standard for clarity, wit and magnetism that was never equalled during the four days of the Festival.

The Festival, while abhorring Taylor's performance, tended to keep everything on that same old "Rock Island Line" of the folk music establishment. The last officially-blessed concert of the Festival opened three hours after Taylor's set and it opened with Pete Seeger. There were no rush jobs on him. His talents and correct-thinking Populist inclinations are

certified. With the crewmen of his Hudson River sloop Clearwater, Seeger did a quaintly merry set. Its exact relevance, for either the button-downed, horn-rimmed or the conscientiously unshaven and unwashed majority, was unclear.

Whichever category the audience fell into they were unfailing polite, the necessity of contemporary folk music washing over them without the jibes and harshness of today's rock. Not surprisingly, there were many more chicks in sight than at the more turbulent Jazz Festival which preceded it by two weeks. But if the vibrations were not aggressive, neither were they particularly agreeable.

This Festival, like the jazz-rock show, was, in fact, a series of concerts designed by programmers who find it natural to remain stationary on a 14-inch wide wooden chair for hours at a stretch. But for a generation whose primary entertainments have been records and television—both of which allow, if not demand, mobility—it was progressive uprightness as the hours went by.

And so at Newport the warmest vibrations were not at the formal evening

concerts but at the daytime workshops and impromptu concerts scattered across Festival Field. In what was essentially a music bazaar, both featured performers such as Ike Everly and Pentangle and pick-up groups communicated freely and intimately.

The formal concert pattern was broken again on Sunday afternoon for those ad-judged Young Performers. The 2500 faithful who showed up in the moisture were permitted to sit wherever they chose, which loosened things considerably.

Van Morrison rekindled it with the bitter romanticism of the short and stocky man. The audience fidgeted, but the first teeny-bopper scream of the four-day festival shot through the crowd. Then came Jerry Jeff Walker and Pentangle, the former energetic, the latter soothing, both professional. With their intricate harmonies and eclecticism, Pentangle was the most crowd-pleasing of the afternoon performers until James Taylor.

The Folk Festival opened Thursday evening (July 17) with rowdy performances by Spider John Koerner and Willie Murphy; a partially rocked-up Buffy

Ste-Marie; the toe-tapping Oldtimer's String Band (one bango and two fiddles, circa 1929 North Carolina); musical newscaster Len Chandler, and West Virginian Billy Ed Wheeler who capped the evening's protest songs with "The Interstate Is Comin' Through My Out-house."

The Johnny Cash troupe wrapped up opening night with the polished spit of Carl Perkins, cranking out a fuzzed carbon of "Blue Suede Shoes," with Mrs. Cash, bouncy June Carter, displaying the only obvious brassiere of the Festival. Cash himself matter-of-factly served up his standards. The 7500 in the audience gave him a warm down-home ovation.

Friday night, blues night: One-man band Jesse Fuller revved up the proceedings with his declaration that he is tired of the sad blues: "I had enough of them when I was little . . . these are the kind of blues I like," and ripped into "I Got A Hump in My Back from Balling the Jack," "Running Wild," and his own "San Francisco Bay Blues." Also playing were Buddy Moss, whose harmonica blowing was accompanied by Brownie McGhee on guitar; Sleepy John Estes

with Yank Rachel; and Son House.

The plaintive monotony was broken by Willie Mae "Big Mama" Thornton who made the concert shell her own splendid opera house. In a yellow beret, a plaid work shirt and truck driver's trousers, Big Mama brought sinuous hips and hauteur to "Rock Me Baby," "Mother-in-Law" and "Ball and Chain" and 200-plus pounds of delicate bumps and grinds to the song "I made Elvis Presley rich on—Hound Dog." She got the first standing ovation of the Festival and, if for nothing else than showmanship, it was deserved.

Taj Mahal, promised as the closing act, didn't show and there were rumblings that the Newport City Council had considered including him in the post-Jazz Festival ban on rock. Although that may have been what kept him away, when he was expected. He was missed, as one of the few young black blues performers working today.

Muddy Waters and his band took the closing honors and carried them handily. With somber energy he beat out "Gypsy Woman," "Hootchy-Kootchy Man," "Baby Please Don't Go," "I'm A Man,"

"Got My Mojo Working."

Saturday night was the Festival's only concession to a star night and 18,000 people, capacity, showed up for the Everly Brothers, making their first appearance ever at Newport. The brothers laid the audiences out with their standards, but Little Suzy ended up a broken doll in a dusty corner when they brought extraordinary urgency and desperation to a medley of "Let The Sun Shine In" and "Hey Jude." "Let The Sun Shine In" was no longer a happy happy hymnal but, rather a heartbreaking plea. The audience, which had been singing along, stood up spontaneously, puppets on a string, as the Everly Brothers walked off, eyes on the ground. Phil and Don came back, to introduce their father, Ike, doing three country numbers. Finally, Arlo Guthrie was introduced by Pete Seeger as "an old friend of 20 years."

Five thousand seats were filled for Sunday's last concert (the total attendance for the Festival being 51,000, against 73,000 last year when Janis Joplin packed them in) despite a continuing drizzle and the moon walk. After a sampling of Congolese and Swedish music,

Brooklyn Cowboy Ramblin' Jack Elliot lurched back into contemporary America with his voice of plywood kleenex and the announcement that "this ain't no rodeo." And, with the dichotomy of his sharp city hostility and soft country songs, it wasn't for the first time, hard words, fucks, came flashing out of the loudspeakers. And they stung.

The Festival came to a close with a tribute to Leadbelly. Nice songs, written with feeling and sung with feeling. But they were sung on the night that the "folk" stepped on the moon, to an audience that was herded in and out of the turnstiles for four days while being forbidden by the town officials to camp out in Newport's Norman Rockwell-tidy parks and benches. In the end, the feeling on stage just was not reciprocated from the audience.

It was the same old shuck. What will happen next year? Who knows but Mr. Wein who closed the Festival by saying "During the last 16 summers of the Newport Festivals, it's been the kids who've supported us. We're still concerned with the kids. God Bless You."



Phil Lesh

our records," says Jerry; but that also means that, fearful of being commercial, the Dead have discarded the value of immediate musical communication in making records; the baby, unfortunately, has gone out with the bath water. A double record album of live performances, though, is planned.

It is not that they can't be commercially successful. Their basic sound is hard rock/white R & B slightly freaked—not very different from Steppenwolf's, Creedence Clearwater's, or the Sir Douglas Quintet's. "Golden Road to Unlimited Devotion," their 1967 single, could quite easily be a hit single today. They would have been happy had success come to them, unsought success, a gift of self-amplification, is a logical extension of electrifying instruments. But they just won't and can't accept even the machine's most permissive limits. Their basic sound is just that, something to build from, and they know intuitively if to their own frustration, that to accept the system, however easy a panacea it might seem, would to them be fatal. "Rendering to Caesar what is Caesar's is groovy," says Phil, "as long as you render to God what is God's. But now Caesar demands it all, and we gotta be straight with God first."

They see themselves, with more than a touch of self-dramatization, as keepers of the flame. Smoking grass on stage, bringing acid to concerts, purposely ignoring time limits for sets, telling audiences to screw the rules and ushers and dance—those are just tokens. In late 1967 they set up the Great Northwestern Tour with the Quicksilver Messenger Service and Jerry Abrams' Headlights, completely handling a series of dates in Oregon and Washington. "No middlemen, no bullshit," said Rock Scully, "we did it all, posters, tickets, promo, setting up the halls. All the things promoters say you can't do, we did, man, and 'cause we weren't dependent, we felt free and everybody did. That told us that however hard it gets, it can be done, you don't have to go along."

Out of that energy came the Carousel Ballroom. The Dead, helped by the Airplane, leased a huge Irish dance hall in downtown San Francisco and started a series of dances that were a throwback to the good old days. But running a good dance hall means taking care of business and keeping a straight head. The Carousel's managers did neither. They made absurdly bad deals, beginning with an outlandish rent, and succumbed to a destructive fear of Bill Graham. The spring of 1968,

with the assassinations of Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy, were hard on show business everywhere. Graham, in the smaller Fillmore smack in the center of an increasingly unfriendly ghetto, was vulnerable and ready to be cooperative. But to the Dead and their friends he was big bad Bill Graham, the villain who had destroyed the San Francisco scene. So as the Carousel sank further into debt, they refused the help he offered. Inevitably they had to close; Graham moved swiftly, took up the lease, and renamed the place the Fillmore West. The Dead were on the street again, licking their wounds, self-inflicted and otherwise.

A year later they are still in the street; they are not quite failures by accepted business terms but certainly have been stagnated by their own stubborn yearning. A bust in the fall of 1967 and the increasing deterioration of the Haight finally drove them from 710 in 1968, similar hassles may drive the remnants of the family from their ranch in Novato. And the band members now all live in separate houses scattered over San Francisco and Marin County. Financial necessity forced them to sign with Graham's agency in early '69, though they will soon leave it. They are still talking of making a music caravan, travelling from town to town in buses like a circus. They know a new form has to be found; the "psychedelic dance-concert" is washed up, but what is next? Maybe a rock and roll rodeo, maybe something else that will just happen when the time comes. They don't know, but they are determined to find it. It is hard to get your thing together if your thing is paradise on earth. "We're tired of jerking off," says Jerry, "we want to start fucking again."

Seven o'clock Friday morning Santa Barbara was deep in pearly mist and Jerry Garcia was pacing back and forth in an alley behind the motel, quietly turning on. One by one, yawning and grunting, the others appeared and clambered into the Pontiacs. It was the start of a long day: 8 AM flight to San Francisco, change planes for Portland, crash in the motel until the gig, play, then get to bed and on to Eugene the next day. There was neither time nor energy for post-mortems, the thing to do was to get on with it.

At 7:30 Lenny Hart was fuming. The Bear was late again. Where was he? No one knew. Lenny, square faced and serious, drummed on the steering wheel. "We gotta go, can't wait for him. What so special

about Bear that he can't get here like everyone else?" Phil started back to the motel to find him, but then out he came, sleepy but dapper in a black leather shirt and vest, pale blue pants, and blue suede boots. Lenny's eyes caught Bear's for an instant then he peeled out.

No one missed the confrontation; Lenny and the Bear, like two selves of the Dead at war with the Dead themselves sitting as judges. Lenny, a minister who has chosen the Dead as his mission, is the latest person they've trusted to get them out of the financial pit. The Bear, says Jerry, is "Satan in our midst," friend, chemist, psychedelic legend, and electronic genius; not a leader, but a moon with gravitational pull. He is the prince of inefficiency, the essence of its most perverse of what the Dead refuse to give up. They are natural enemies, but somehow they have to coexist for the Dead to survive. Their skirmishing has just begun.

The day is all like that, suddenly focussed images that fade one into another.

At the airport the Air West jet rests before the little stucco terminal. It is ten minutes after take-off time, and the passengers wait in two clumps. Clump one, the big one, is ordinary Santa Barbara human beings: clean tanned businessmen, housewives, college girls going away for the holiday, an elderly couple or two, a few ten year olds in shorts. They are quiet and a bit strained. Clump two is the Dead, manic, dirty, hairy, noisy, a bunch of drunken Visigoths in cowboy hats and greasy suede. Pigpen has just lit Bob Weir's paper on fire, and the cinders blow around their feet. Phil is at his twitchiest, his face stroboscopically switching grotesque leers. The Bear patters in his mysterious belted bags, Jerry discards cigarette butts as if the world was his ashtray, and Tom, one sock bright green, the other vile orange, gazes beatifically (he's a Grade Four Release in Scientology) over it all and pons under his breath.

Over on the left in the cargo area, a huge rented truck pulls up with the Dead's equipment, 90 pieces of extra luggage. Like clowns from a car, amp after amp after drum case is loaded onto dollies and wheeled to the jet's belly. It dawns on Clump One all at once that it is those arrogant heathens with all their outrageous gear that are making the plane late and keeping them, good American citizens, shivering out in the morning mist. It dawns on the heathen too, but they dig it, shouting to the quippies to tote that



Tom Constanten

ump, lift that organ. Just about that time Phil, reading what's left of the paper sees a story about People's Park in Berkeley and how the police treated the demonstrators "like the Viet Cong." "But that's just what we are, man, the American National Liberation Front," he shouts, baring his teeth at Clump One.

Ticket takers talk politely of "Mr. Ramrod" and "Mr. Bear"; in San Francisco Airport a pudgy waitress, "Marla" stamped on the plastic nameplate pinned to her right udder, leaves her station starry-eyed and says she's so glad to see them because she came to work stoned on acid and it's been a freak-out until she saw them like angel horsemen galloping through her plastic hell; Tom, his mustachioed face effortlessly sincere, gives a beginning lecture on the joys of Scientology, explaining that he hopes someday to be an Operating Thetan (O.T.) and thus be able to levitate the group while they're playing—and of course they won't ever have to plug in.

Pig lowers beneath his corduroy hat, grunting. "Ahhh, fork!" whenever the spirit moves, and the Bear starts a long involved rap about how the Heli's Angels really have it down, man, like this cat who can use a whip like a stiletto, could slice open your nostrils, first the right, then the left, neat as you please, and everyone agrees that the Angels are righteously ugly.

They miss their San Francisco connection and have to hang around the airport for a couple of hours, but that somehow means that they arrive first class, free drinks and all. With lunch polished off, Mickey Hart needs some refreshment, so he calls across the aisle to Ramrod, then holds his fingers to his nose significantly. Ramrod tosses over a small vial of cocaine and a jack knife, and Mickey, all the while carrying on an intense discussion about drumming, sniffs up like he was lighting an after dinner cigar. "Earth music is what I'm after"—sniff—"the rhythm of the earth, like I get riding a horse"—sniff sniff—"and Bill feeds that to me, I play off of it, and he responds. When we're into it, it's like a drummer with two minds, eight arms, and one soul"—final snort, and then the vial and jack knife go the rounds. Multiple felonies in the first class compartment, but the stewardesses are without eyes to see. The Dead, in the very grossness of their visibility, are invisible.

The plane lands in Portland. "Maybe it'll happen today," says Jerry waiting to get off, "the first rock and roll assassination. Favorite fantasy. Sometime we'll

land, and when we're all on the stairs, a fleet of black cars will rush the plane like killer beetles. Machine guns will pop from the roofs and mow us down. Paranoid, huh? But, fuck, in a way I wouldn't blame 'em." No black cars though, that day anyway.

Lenny has done some figuring on the plane. "Things are looking up," he says. "We ought to have the prepaid tickets for this trip paid by the end of next week." Jerry says that's boss, and the Bear makes a point of showing off the alarm clock he got in San Francisco. Lenny takes it as a joke and says just be ready next time or he'll be left behind. Danny Rifkin brings the good news that they have a tank of nitrous oxide for the gig. Everybody goes to sleep.

The dance is at Springer's Inn, about ten miles out of town, and they start out about 9:30. A mile from the place there is a huge traffic jam on the narrow country road, and they stick the cars in a ditch and walk, a few fragments in the flow to Springer's under a full yellow moon. The last time they played Portland they were at a ballroom with a sprung floor that made dancing inevitable, but Springer's is just as nice. It's a country and western place, walls all knotty pine, and beside the stage the Nashville stars of the past thirty years grin glossily from autographed photos—"Your's sincerely, Marty Robbins." "Love to Y'all, Norma Jean." Warmest regards, Jim Reeves. "You got a bigger crowd than even Buck Owens," says the promoter and Jerry grins. It is sardine, ass-to-ass packed and dripping hot inside.

The band stands around the equipment truck waiting for the Bear to finish his preparations. Someone donates some Cokes and they make the rounds. "Anyone for a lube job," Bill calls to the hangers-on. "Dosed to a turn," says Phil. Jerry, already speechlessly spaced on gas, drinks deep. They are all ready.

It seems preordained to be a great night. But pre-ordination is not fate, it comes to the elect and the elect have to work to be ready for it. So the Dead start out working; elation will come later. "Morning Dew" opens the set, an old tune done slow and steady. It is the evening's foundation stone and they carefully mortise it into place, no smiles, no frills. Phil's bass is sure and steady, Bill and Mickey play almost in unison. Then Bob sang "Me and My Uncle," a John Phillips tune with a country rocking beat. They all like the song and Bob sings it well, friendly and ingenuous. Back to the groove with "Everybody's Doing that Rag," but a little looser this time, Jerry's guitar begins

to sing, and over the steady drumming of Bill, Mickey lays scattered runs, little kicks, and sudden attacks. Phil begins to thunder, then pulls back. Patience, he seems to be saying, and he's right: Jerry broke a string in his haste, so they pull back to unison and end the song. But Jerry wants it bad and is a little angry.

"I broke a string," he shouts at the crowd, "so why don't you wait a minute and talk to each other. Or maybe talk to yourself, to your various selves"—he cocks his head with a glint of malice in his eyes—"can you talk to your self? Do you even know you have selves to talk to?"

The questions, involute and unanswerable, push the crowd back—who is this guy asking us riddles, what does he want from us anyway? But the band is into "King Bee" by that time. They hadn't played that for a while, but it works, another building block, and a good way to work Pig into the center, to seduce him into giving his all instead of just waiting around for "Lovelight." It is like the Stones but muddier—Preppen isn't Mick Jagger after all. Jerry buzzes a while right on schedule, and the crowd eases up, thinking they were going to get some nice blues. The preceding band had been good imitation B. B. King, so maybe it would be a blues night. Wrong again.

"Play the blues!" shouts someone in a phony half-swoon.

"Fuck you, man," Mickey shouts back, "go hear a blues band if you want that, go dig Mike Bloomfield."

Another punch in the mouth, but the moment is there, and the audience's stunned silence just makes the opening gong of "Dark Star" more ominous. In that silence music begins, steady and pulsing. Jerry as always, takes the lead, feeling his way for melodies like paths up the mountain. Jerry, says Phil, is the heart of the Dead, its central sun; while they all connect to each other, the strongest bonds are to him. Standing there, eyes closed, chin bobbing forward, his guitar in close under his arm, he seems pure energy, a quality like but distinct from sexuality, which, while radiating itself outward unceasingly and unselfishly, is as unceasingly and unselfishly replenished by those whose strengths have been awakened by his.

He finds a way, a few high twinging notes that are in themselves a song, and then the others are there too, and suddenly the music is not notes or a tune, but what those seven people are *exactly*: the music is an aural holograph of the Grateful Dead. All their fibres, nuances, histories, desires, beings are clear. Jerry and

his questing, Phil the loyal comrade, Tom drifting beside them both on a cloud, Pig staying stubbornly down to earth, Mickey working out furious complexities trying to understand how Bill is so simple, and Bob succumbing inevitably to Jerry and Phil and joining them. And that is just the beginning, because at each note, at each phrase the balances change, each testing, feeding, mocking, and finally driving each other on, further and further on.

Some balances last longer than others, moments of realization that seem to sum up many moments, and then a solid groove of 'yes, that is the way it is,' flows out, and the crowd begins to move. Each time it is Jerry who leads them out, his guitar singing and dancing joy. And his joy finds new levels and the work of exploration begins again.

Jerry often talks of music as coming from a place and creating a place, a place where strife is gone, where the struggle to understand ends, and knowledge is as evident as light. That is the place they are in at Springer's. However hard it is to get there, once



Bill Kreutzman

there, you want to cry tears of ease and never leave. It is not a new place, those who seek it hard enough can find it, like the poet Lucretius who found it about 2500 years ago:

*... all terrors of the mind  
Vanish, are gone, the barriers on the world  
Dissolve before me, and I see things happen  
All through the void in empty space.  
I feel a more than mortal pleasure in all this*

The music goes fast and slow, driving and serene, loud and soft. Mickey switches from gong to drums to claves to handclapping to xylophone to a tin slide whistle. Then Bob grabs that away and steps to to mike and blows the whistle as hard as he can, flicking away insanely high and screeching notes. The band digs it, and lays down a building rhythm. The crowd begins to pant, shake, and then suddenly right on the exact moment with the band, the crowd, the band, everything in the whole goddam place begins to scream. Not scream like at the Beatles, but scream like beasts, twisting their faces, trying out every possible animal yowl that lies deep in their hearts.

And Jerry, melodies flowing from him in endless arabesques, leads it away again, the crowd and himself ecstatic rats to some Pied Piper. The tune changes from "Dark Star" to "St. Stephen," the song with a beat like bouncing boulders, and out of the din comes Jerry's wavering voice, "Another man gathers what another man spills," and everyone knows that means that there's nothing to fear, brothers will help each other with their loads, and suddenly there is peace in the hall. Phil, Bob, and Bill form a trio and play a new and quiet song before Mickey's sudden roll opens it out to the group, and "St. Stephen" crashes to an end with the cannon shot and clouds of sulphurous smoke.

Out of the fire and brimstone emerges the Pig singing "Lovehight," and everyone is through the mind and down into the body. Pigpen doesn't sing. Pigpen never sings. He is just Pig being Pig doing "Lovehight," spitting out of the side of his mouth between phrases, starting the clapping, telling everybody to get their hands out of their pockets and into somebody else's pocket, and like laughter, the band comes in with rock-it-to-'em choruses. The crowd is jumping up and down in witness by this time, and one couple falls on stage, their bodies and tongues entwined in mad ritual embrace. They don't make love, but in acting it out, they perform for and with the crowd, and so everyone is acting out sexual unison with Pigpen as the master of ceremonies. The place, one body, built in music, fucks until it comes, the cannon goes off one final time, and Mickey leaps to the gong bashing it with a mallet set afire by the cannon, and it makes a trail of flame and then sparks when it hits the gong, the gong itself radiating waves of sonic energy. Bill flails at the drums, Phil keeps playing the same figure over and over, faster and faster, and Jerry and Bob build up to one note just below the tonic, hold it until, with one ultimate chord, it all comes home. The crowd erupts in cheers, as the band, sodden with sweat, stumble off the stage.

"We'll be back, folks," says Jerry, "we'll be back after a break."

Bob laughs as he hears Jerry's announcement. "It's really something when you have to lie to get off the stage."

Because it's over, gone, wiped out. They gather by the equipment van, and all but Tom, still cool and unruffled, are steaming in the chill night air. The moon has gone down, the stars are out, and there is nothing more to be done that night at all.

Michael Lydon was a founding member of the Rolling Stone staff. He is currently living in Menlo Park.



Dead handlers





*Micky Hart*



By Jerry Hopkins

MEXICO CITY—The "foreign intrigue" had long begun when the Doors entered Mexico for what was supposed to be a series of at least six public appearances—"intrigue" that quietly linked two revolutions, that which the Doors represented in America and that of the Mexican nation itself.

By the time it was all over, several planned and announced concerts had never been held, and the unofficial explanation was that a year earlier the students of Mexico came within an hour of overthrowing the government and since that time, it had been considered wise to prevent large gatherings of young people from happening.

Of course it was never stated that the Doors were a threat (although one television executive did call them "subversive") and none of those involved in negotiation with the Doors ever hinted the reasons for cancellation of events were political. It was, rather, just a matter of *manana* and permits were never signed.

There were a number of noteworthy aspects to the five-day visit in June and July . . . beginning over eight weeks earlier when a 31-year-old interior decorator named Mario Olmos (one of a very few Mexican nationals with a beard) said he wanted to produce a Doors concert in the Plaza Monumental, Mexico City's huge bull ring.

Tickets to the 48,000-seat arena were to be priced from five to 12 pesos (40 cents to a dollar) to enable many of the poor to attend. It was also planned that the Doors would perform a United Nations or Red Cross benefit at the Camino Real Hotel and in an expensive (but unnamed) supper club. The idea being that in one visit the Doors could perform to all levels of Mexican society.

There were additional factors making this an unusual program of events. Only three other Anglo-American groups had preceded the Doors to Mexico (Eric Burdon's Animals, the Byrds and the Union Gap) and with Mexico's pop scene largely dependent upon American rock, a visit by a leading band would be a significant event. Too, no American group had ever played more than one concert in Mexico and none had appeared in the bull ring—ever!!

There was also the matter of hair. In recent months, the shearing of hippie types has become a favorite police sport at beach resorts like Acapulco and Mazatlan, while at the border many

## THE DOORS IN MEXICO

long-haired or bearded young people reportedly had been refused entrance into the country. There also were stories about vigilante gang attacks on long-haired males in Mexico City itself.

Lest these tales seem exaggeration based in paranoia, the Banco Nacional de Mexico recently had prohibited its employees from wearing mustaches and sideburns and the Restaurant and Hotel Workers Union had announced it would consider the mustache issue at its next national convention. The days of Emiliano Zapata—when long, drooping *bandido* mustaches were not only approved but nearly *necesario*—had passed.

So the trip was anticipated with excitement and anxiety as slowly the necessary signatures were collected on the bull ring permission form. All the signatures but that of the Regent of this city, that is. The Regent left town unexpectedly and the concert had to be rescheduled.

Mario started greasing palms (as natural in Mexico as haggling over the price of a souvenir) and worked his way to Presidente Gustavo Diaz Ordaz, who reportedly gave his verbal okay.

When the Regent returned, however, the president's verbal go-ahead disappeared in a swirl of polemic dust (and unanswered calls) and apparently the buck was passed back to the Regent, who just never got around to saying yes or no.

*Manana.*

Time running short before the Doors' scheduled departure from Los Angeles, Mario then went to Javier Castro, one of the Castro Brothers, a singing and guitar-picking act that played second to Cass Elliott when she appeared so briefly in Las Vegas last year. Javier, 26, owned the Forum, a 1,000-seat supper club in the city that is roughly equivalent to the Copacabana in New York, the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles.

Mario told Javier he could deliver the Doors to Javier's posh club for four nights at \$5,000 a night. Together they found a friend who provided a \$20,000 cashier's check to take the Doors as

a guarantee, and the next morning, a Tuesday, *Ultimas Noticias* carried a full-page ad heralding the appearance of the Doors at the Forum that weekend.

At this point, the Doors (still in Los Angeles) did not know that the bull ring performance was becoming more and more unlikely by the minute and that they had been booked into the Forum. The first they heard of it was when Javier and Mario came waltzing into their offices Wednesday evening with the newspaper ad in their hands. The Doors were furious.

Meetings that lasted long into the night ended with the Doors agreeing to leave the next day as planned—but it was also agreed that additional appearances would be arranged, one or two in the National Auditorium (which seats 18,000), another on one of the three television stations controlled by Tele-sistema Mexicana, the world's fifth-largest television production complex, run by a chum of Javier's.

The Doors office that night was subtly lighted, the desk of Bill Siddons, the Doors' manager, littered with bottles and posters and Forum newspaper ads, members of the band sitting around with long faces, talking about how maybe they should have called in that psychic the week before after all. It was with minimal enthusiasm they packed that night.

"Jeem! Jeem! Where es Jeem?"

The Doors walked through customs and into the lobby of Mexico City's airport. Jim Morrison's physiognomy was well known among Mexican young people, but not in its currently bearded style.

Others spotted Ray Manzarek's wife Dorothy, who is Oriental. "Joko?" the reporters asked. "Mira [look], Joko es aqui. Where es the Beatles?"

It was a mob scene. There were dozens of photographers shouting *aqui* (here!) and *una mas* (one more!) and youngsters bearing Doors albums for autographs. Mercedes Carreno, an attractive auburn Mexican actress, was there. Along with Mario and several representatives of the Forum, one of

them a woman called Malu—short for Marie Louise. She was a French and Indian woman left by her husband to raise two sons and served as the club's publicist, as well as a knowledgeable guide through darkest cultural Mexico.

Not far from the confusion of arrival, still in the customs area, two men in dark suits and tinted glasses approached Vince Treanor, the organ-playing Bach expert who serves as the Doors sound wizard. He was standing amid several tons of equipment—amplifiers, speakers, instruments, wiring, you name it—all still in crates.

"These crates will have to be opened," one of the men said.

"All of them?"

"Si."

Vince panicked and shouted for Javier. Javier came over, all smiles, took the two men for a walk.

"What you're looking at is the 1,000-peso walk," said Bill Belmont, now a resident of San Francisco and working with Country Joe but until 1960 a resident of Mexico, and called into all this by Siddons to serve as a friend-translator-arbitor. Palms were being greased again, Belmont said, and the crates were not opened.

The Doors were taken to the Hosteria "Parc des Princes," a hotel built along traditional Mexican colonial lines in the city's equivalent of Beverly Hills—a huge gate and a fat Mexican guard (armed with a pistol that had a silver grip, for which he had a little plastic raincoat) to keep the nosy fans away. Chauffered Cadillac limousines (white and black) and body guards were placed at the group's disposal by the club owner.

It was a sure thing, they were told, that they'd be playing the National Auditorium. Also lots of TV. Some of them went to the city's only discotheque, El Club, to celebrate. They stayed there until it closed, at 5 A.M.

Friday there was a cursory equipment check made at the Forum and the first rumblings of what was to come were heard, as it began to look as if the four shows at the Forum were going to be all the Doors would do. (Putting this into perspective, the cost of attending one show—including dinner and the music of a few local bands—was \$16 per person . . . and a Mexican laborer earns 50 cents a 12-hour day.)

Still there was hope held out, of course, as Siddons and Belmont and others began what turned into a five-day meeting, with only the locations and faces changing periodically.

Meantime, there were additional rumblings.

# God Save The Kinks

The above, dear groovies, is our grab-'em watchword for a new promotion here at Reprise. A brilliant (we suggest) stratagem designed to make the names Ray, Dave, Mick, and Whatshisname (the new bass player) the household words they were in the days of "Till the End Of the Day" and "You Really Got Me" and "Dedicated Follower Of Fashion" and "Sunny Afternoon."

As record company hypes go, this one is pretty spiffy. As a matter of fact, there we were, assembling 2000 Kinks goody-boxes for mailing to our fave DJs, flacks, and other such industry heavies when

## KA-CHUNK!

in the July 12th *Rolling Stone* we found two letters applauding its review of Our Boys' latest album:



## The Kinks Are The Village Green Preservation Society

Well, we at The Big R like to think of ourselves as real swifties when it comes to losing money gracefully. So we immediately wrote up this ad, offering some of these goody boxes to *Rolling Stone* readers who also happen to be Kinks freaks (all two or so of you). And at the incredibly-low-price-you-should-buy-two-in-different-colors-of:

## TWO BUCKS

Also known as \$2.00.

(The DJs, writers, and other heavies still get theirs free—but that's the way the record rolls.)

However, just look at the things you get in this veritable Christmas stocking of Kinks-hype:

1. A cordial letter of greeting from editorial director Our Mr. Halverstadt.
2. A sepia postcard with this old-timey broad saying "God Save The Kinks" on the front—and some illegible gibberish on the back.
3. A tiny British flag.
4. A nifty God Save The Kinks button and sticker, both designed by Our Mr. Fujita.
5. A baggieful of grass supposedly imported from the aforementioned Village Green (but in actuality collected from the lawn of one of our printers, Mr. Les Kramer, a firm believer in "It's the spirit that counts").
6. A mind-bending puzzle made from the cover of the Kinks aforementioned artistically acclaimed but commercially disastrous album.
7. A smartly designed "Consumer's Guide to The Kinks" in which each of their available albums is succinctly hyped.

AND



8. An astoundingly spiffy stereo album put together especially for this promotion. Called *The Kinks—Then Now and Inbetween*, it features eighteen (18!) cuts (a few abridged so we could fit them all on, but most not) that illustrate the Kinks' evolution into their present incredible selves. This never-find-it-in-stores album includes a marvelous, heretofore unreleased number called "Berkeley Mews." Plus boringly comprehensive notes by Your Mr. Mendelsohn, which explain everything except why we are taking a loss to provide you with all this bounty.

All of which bounty comes to you in a box.

And all of which we consider just about our greatest effort to advance the Living Arts since our Win a Fug Dream Date Competition.

God Save The Kinks  
Room 208  
Reprise Records  
Burbank, California 91503

Okay, send me one of your spiffy Kinks packages. I highly resent the fact that some folk get it free while I have to pay. My \$2 is enclosed.

(Checks should be made out to Warner Bros.-7 Arts Records. Offer expires when we run out of Kinks kits.)

The Kinks Are  
On  Reprise  
Where They Belong



lings about Morrison's beard. The other Doors thought this was the time to shave it off. It didn't fit, they said, and it didn't look like the Jim Morrison on the posters then being sold all over Mexico City. Siddons was asked to talk to Morrison about it, which he did. The beard stayed.

(There is no open strife within the group, but it is clear that Morrison is drifting slowly away. No longer do they socialize together. Morrison would like to record old blues songs and songs like "Heartbreak Hotel," but the other three reportedly do not. They remain friends and musical partners, but the relationship, along with the time, has changed.)

In front of the Forum, rock bands had been playing since eight o'clock and nearly a thousand persons were gathered along Insurgentes Avenue (one of many streets in Mexico City with revolutionary names) to listen and to watch. The entire front of the club had been covered with murals, one of them a 15-by-15-foot painting of Morrison's face. On the side of the building it said "Hoy [Today] The Doors." Mario Olmos said he was determined to turn this city on to American rock and had promoted the four shows well.

Back at the hotel, the Doors were drinking cognac in the dining room. Slowly, about 11:30, they gathered themselves and their wives and girls together to make the 15-minute drive to the club in the matching black and white Cadillacs.

Getting out of the limousines to rush

for the stage door, young Mexican fans elbowed Morrison to one side to get at the others. Again he hadn't been recognized. (The next night he would shout to the crowd: "Hey kids . . . over here!")

Inside the club the small stage was jammed with the sons and daughters of the city's moneyed junior set. A local band was playing and singing American rock hits, including a note-for-note version of "Light My Fire," dancers dancing on the stage nose-to-nose with the guitarists. The Doors looked on in amazement from the balcony and wondered if the dancers would leave the stage when they went on.

In the dressing room, they told small jokes and played with the oxygen tank nervously. And Morrison worried about the short speech he had written. He said he couldn't memorize it and asked if everybody thought it would be okay to read it. Everybody said yes.

"Buenas noches, señores y señoritas," he said between "When the Music's Over" and "Touch Me." Then he said the city was marvelous and introduced the boys in the band. On organ there was Ramon Manzanek. On drums, Juan Densmore. On guitar, Roberto Krieger.

The audience roared.

After the show, Jim went back to the discotheque, where at about 4:30, he fell asleep, a drink in one hand, his head on the table as the pretty people of Mexico City frugged and yammered around him.

Saturday morning, over a noontime breakfast by the hotel pool, someone reflected on all the royal treatment extended the Doors thus far and said, "It's like

we came from Los Angeles to Los Angeles, only now we have Mexican waiters."

Later that day, Morrison and a few others saw the first fragments of "real" Mexico, en route to the Indian pyramids to the north and east of the city. The narrow back road to *los piramides* ran an interesting course, past small villages of mean little houses of adobe and stone, huddling around ancient crumbling churches . . . through somewhat larger towns where sides of darkening beef were seen in the unrefrigerated air resting on counters inside small grocery shops . . . all of it flanked by a flat landscape of amazing clarity, looking as if the land under the scattered trees were swept daily by broom.

Morrison slept periodically as the limousine rushed through the poverty and Mexico City's Top 40 station ("Numero uno . . . uno . . . uno . . . uno!") filled the car with songs by American groups.

The striking contrasts of modern Mexican life were being lined up, parading themselves in gaudy and mind-boggling display: the Parisian style of Paseo de las Reformas, the street that led from the hotel to the club, alongside the 1,000-year-old pyramids; Colonel Sanders' *pollo frito de Kentucky* practically on the same menu with the nectar of the Aztec gods, *pulque*, made from cactus juice; the aloof wealth of the Cadillac limousine rushing past dead burros lying by country roads; an entire section of the city's streets named for Archimedes and Goethe and others who invented thought, vs. what was becoming apparent as a dictatorship, applying subtle yet incredible pressures on the student.

There are 90,000 students at the University of Mexico. Another 60,000 at Polytechnic Institute. Last summer the students were within one hour of taking the government. Only the professors prevented it, when they changed sides at the last minute. Since then, between 300 and 1,000 students have been killed, most of them machine-gunned or merely taken away in the middle of the night.

The politics of Mexico are as puzzling to the visitor as the customs are, and still closely linked to the revolution that began 60 years ago, when the dictatorship of Gen. Porfirio Diaz was brought to an end. The violence continued for a dozen years after that and from the early twenties through the early forties, the presidents were military men. Then came the civilian presidents, but still Mexico was essentially a one-party nation.

Some believe the student unrest of the past year is rooted in a desire for a more democratic approach.

By Saturday dinnertime it was being suggested that perhaps the Doors would perform free on Sunday in the Alameda, an open amphitheater in the park. Free shows were held there every Sunday afternoon . . . with government sanction, of course. It'd be a lot of work for Vince, tearing down all the sound equipment and setting it up again in the park, then tearing it down a second time to get it back to the Forum for Sunday's evening show, but it'd be worth it. At last the Doors would be playing for the people.

Of course it never happened—considered too "dangerous," the bureaucrats said, mentioning the fact that the Doors would be completely surrounded by the crowd with no hasty exit possible—and that night again the Forum was packed with young Mexican Doors fans. And as on the first night, the repetitious call from the audience was for "The End."

"Mexico is an Oedipal country," said Bill Belmont backstage as the calls for "The End" from drunken young Spanish youth rang out. (There is no "drinking age" in Mexico City.)

The Doors played "The End" and as they approached the section beginning "The killer awoke before dawn/He put his boots on . . .", so many of the teenagers present began to shush each other, it sounded like a room full of snakes.

"Father!" said Jim Morrison.

"I want to kill you!" chorused nearly 1,000 voices (in English).

Morrison looked at them, stunned.

"Mother . . .", he said, tentatively.

Following the show, someone approached the limousine with an eight-inch cooking tin, rapped gently on the closed window. The window was lowered and the tin was handed in. It was full of mushrooms.

"Really get you high," the boy said.

Sunday morning (afternoon) got under way reading the Spanish-language reviews. Some of the critics liked the Doors. Some didn't.

A critic for *El Herald*, for example, said Morrison was a "redbearded pirate mixed with Fidel Castro and the Hunchback of Notre Dame." Morrison was *trastornado* (out of his skull), he said, and besides that, this nasty old gringo "stroked his beard like an ogre who'd just eaten his victim, and liked it." He also said Morrison was *muy fuerte* (loud), *muy arido*.

"That's the best review we've ever gotten," Ray Manzarek said, sitting in the rear of an American compact, en route to the Thieves' Market. (Manzarek had been called a "mad monk" in the review.) Ray and his wife and Bobby Krieger and his girlfriend Lynn were going shopping. Frank and Kathy Liscandro and Vince were going, too, to record the visit on film.

The shopping scene was a crowded one. In Mexico, apparently, they throw nothing away; rather they drag it to the Thieves' Market, where they lay it out in rows and ask an outrageous price (and settle for a great deal less) for it. While hundreds and hundreds mill around—and with two Doors present, tug gently on the sleeves of the musicians, holding bits of paper and ball-point pens for autographs.

After an hour or so, one of the young drivers suggested a restaurant outside the city, in a fine residential neighborhood in the state of Mexico. There would be singers and guitarists there, he said.

The driver was Ricardo Kirschner, whose sophistication and charm belied his years. He spent the entire meal drinking *bulls* (a blend of rum with three kinds of beer), running around ordering exotic foods (fried blood, bull's intestines, etc.), insisting the party of 12 try everything, constantly toasting everyone—"Salud!"—



her music  
makes a very  
meaningful  
comment in just  
two areas:  
life and death.  
that's all.

Elyse Weinberg.

tetragrammaton  
records

## FAIRPORT CONVENTION

"They always impress..." someone said in an English pop magazine. They're English. They're tasteful and they're good.

But we feel strongly enough about them to try to say a bit more. Like about Richard Thompson, leader and lead guitarist. He sings, writes fine songs and brings the group along with him. He came from jazz, classical and folk (which means; just about anything), but he's his own musician.

And also about Sandy Denny. She also sings and writes and she dresses up the group as only a chick could. She once wrote a song called "Who Knows Where the Time Goes?" which Judy Collins sang. Sandy used to sing as a solo folk act. She was good then; she's better now.

That's not all there is to Fairport. But if we said all that we should say, we'd be here all day. And we've a , probably got better things to do than to talk about Fairport Convention. For example, we could listen to them.

If you don't believe us when we say they're incredibly beautiful people (and, as this business goes, you might not), we can only suggest that you check into it yourself. The album is Fairport Convention (SP 4185), and it is one fine record. You'll know when you hear it.





Rob Krieger prices some equipment on the street

singing along with the balladeers, translating the songs, waving a small cigar and saying, "I never smoke except when I get a little drunk." He was 18.

One of the visitors the Doors had had backstage the night before was Adolfo Diaz Ordaz, the Carnaby-clad son of the president. He was back again Sunday afternoon at the anthropological museum, where permission had been laboriously obtained (palms had been greased) for the Doors to film. But now there were at least 30 in the group. Mercedes, the actress, was there. So was someone identified as a bastard-son of Henry Miller. Adolfo had brought three bodyguards and nearly a dozen of what Bill Belmont called "presidential groupies."

Mexico City has a peculiar breed of sycophant, the "presidential groupies" forming a part of this band. Most are American girls, many of them one-time students at one or another of the city's many universities who failed to return home at the close of a term, preferring to remain a part of the city's heady international set. In that most in the Doors party had taken wives and girlfriends along, only a few of these pretty expatriates tried to cling to the group. They did, however, have walk-on parts in the film the Doors shot in the museum—looking at the Aztec calendar, standing by the models of a Mexico City 1,000 years dead, staring at the terrifying sacrificial stones.

Early Sunday evening, Bill Siddons and Bill Belmont, among others, reviewed all that hadn't happened thus far:

—The bull ring concert had fallen through.

—The benefit, first for the United Nations and then for the Red Cross, had collapsed.

—No television shows had materialized.

—A permit for a show or shows at the National Auditorium was choked in lethargy.

—A free concert in the park never got beyond the first levels of Mexican bureaucracy.

In fact, the only things that had happened were the shows at the Forum, which the Doors hadn't wanted to begin with, and two live radio shows—broadcasts of the Forum shows that had been arranged by Javier in exchange for commercial time, and these the Doors hadn't been told about.

So a meeting was called at the hotel with Javier to determine what, if anything, might be done to supplement the meager (for the Doors) \$20,000 for the Forum gig and increase the size of the audience. By meeting's end, Javier had agreed to pick up several thousand dollars' worth of expenses—air fare, equipment freight charges, hotel room costs, etc. Javier also agreed to work with Siddons and Belmont in getting a television show, while Siddons and Belmont decided they couldn't count on help from anyone and so would go seek a show of their own.

Monday was a day of shopping and rest for the Doors. "Montezuma's revenge" had come to call on John Densmore following a huge Mexican meal and still he was recovering from that. Robby

went looking for a new guitar. Jim stayed around the hotel and read, planning to join Ray and some of the others that night at El Acuario, a bar that was a maze of cubicles, some of which had to be climbed into like a tree house.

They were recognized immediately by the young drinkers in the place and after autographs were signed, the Doors records on the juke box began. "The End" was so worn the words were indiscernible.

Johnny was the driver this day. (He, too, was the embodiment of Mexico's contrasts, usually wearing Edwardian tweed suits and "Byrd glasses" pitched on the end of his nose, but speaking not a word of English and always a half-hour late.) He explained, through the better-than-middling Spanish of Frank Liscandro, more of the student situation in Mexico.

All the student hangouts were closed after the revolt and brutal repression of the previous summer, he said, tactfully describing the incidents as "todos los dificultades" (all the difficulties). He explained that the government didn't want students to congregate anywhere any more and so places like El Acuario were told to change the clientele or close. As a result, the only exclusively student watering holes in existence now were secret ones, in private homes near the university.

In Mexico, Johnny said, the police were called not pigs but dogs. *Fierros*. Because they bite.

From El Acuario the group went to the Plaza de Garibaldi (named for the Italian revolutionary), where mariachi bands come together each night in an informal outdoor concert-hiring hall. These are the players who apparently are not quite fortunate enough to find regular gigs, but they are no less enthusiastic than others in the city, especially when *Norteamericanos* arrive in long black limousines. Jim and Ray and the others had their pictures taken with one of the bands, then walked across the square to Salon Tenampa, the neighborhood's noisiest mariachi bar, where Morrison had his portrait sketched, paid an outrageous price for the tray the waiter was using to deliver the group's drinks, and joined everyone in tossing down several tequilas.

Considerably earlier Monday a meeting had been set with the city's mayor. Like so much else in the hectic schedule, it didn't happen, but in this instance (for a change) it was Bill Siddons and not the government who was late. Siddons and Belmont then went on to meet with Francisco Aguirre, the owner of Channel 13, one of the independent television stations. This meeting was quite brief, with it only being agreed that they'd meet again that night at 8:30 to screen two Doors films, the 40-minute documentary, *Feast of Friends*, and the short film made to promote a Doors single of more than a year earlier, "Unknown Soldier."

The evening meeting was held at the station offices, in a room the size of a tennis court, executed in exquisite Louis XIV furnishings—a 24-seat table, the chairs inlaid with gold. The two films were projected on one wall.

After which Francisco Aguirre said, in an extremely cordial manner, that he

thought *Feast of Friends* was subversive. Especially the part that showed policemen striking young people with billy clubs. He said he also thought "The End," included in the sound track, a bit heavy for his viewers' tastes. And as for "Unknown Soldier," Francisco was visibly shocked.

However . . . in that the Doors did seem to be so popular with the young people of Mexico, perhaps something could be arranged, perhaps these minor objections could be overlooked. In fact, Francisco said he would give the Doors as much television time as they wanted—two hours, three, four—to run both films, to play music, to be interviewed, to do anything they wanted!

There was, of course, a minor catch. Francisco just didn't see how he could justify giving the Doors any money for this. After all, hadn't he, Francisco Aguirre, made the Doors in Mexico? Hadn't one of the five radio stations he owned in Mexico City—*Numero uno . . . uno . . . uno . . . uno!*—played "Light My Fire" 50 times a week since it had been released? (He dragged out playlists to prove his claim.) Hadn't he scheduled the Doors records on many of the other 31 radio stations he owned throughout Mexico? And didn't the Doors want to reach a huge audience, rather than just play to so few at the Forum? *No es verdad?* (Isn't this true?)

Siddons and Belmont were amazed and amused, and decided to play the game of Mexico: they said neither yes nor no.

Morrison, Manzanera and friends were tooling along the Reforma, meanwhile, laughing and talking with a carload of young long-haired Americans they'd met in traffic. At a stoplight, one of them rushed up to the limousine and handed in a lighted joint. Morrison nodded for the group to follow them to the Terraza Casino, where the Doors had been told a new Electric Flag was playing.

It wasn't true, but Morrison paid the 20 pesos (\$1.75) per person cover for the five Americans (who were broke) and the party of more than a dozen now walked in, taking a huge front table. The Terraza was one of those places found in any city, listing items on the menu of interest to *touristas*—"Hippie Sandwich Con Queso de Huautla . . . Alambres Con Love . . . Doors Daiton."

The first band to play was Los Sinners. They were surprisingly good. The Doors left as the second was setting up.

Then on to the Forum, a few blocks away, to perform to another packed house. This was the final night in Mexico, unless something could be set at still another meeting at that moment taking place in a small room overlooking the stage.

Those present at the meeting included Fernando Diaz Bardosa, whose uncle owned Telesistema and who had somehow been blamed for the Doors not getting the National Auditorium; Bill Siddons; Bill Belmont; Frank Liscandro; Malu; and Javier Castro. Also someone who was identified as the man in charge of Telesistema's daytime TV fare, who said little, and an unidentified couple, who gave the meeting a bizarre touch by necking all the way through it.

Fernando knew the Doors had been talking with Channel 13 and felt he was in a bidding situation, so he offered the group \$20,000 for a two-hour special. The special would be based on ideas of the Doors and would be presented (on film, live and/or on videotape) at the Doors' convenience. The Doors represented a life style that would be good for Mexico, Fernando said over and over again. He was sincere and charming and convincing, all at once, and it sounded too good to be true.

Soon after the Doors had completed their set and were resting in the dressing room, the meeting moved to the club's storage room, where everyone sat on crates of anchovies and artichoke hearts. Fernando's handwritten contract was typed and Javier said he wanted half the \$20,000 the Doors were to get. (As some sort of "finder's fee," presumably, although it was difficult to assess exactly what he'd found.) This started everyone shouting and Siddons refused to sign the contract on general principles and Fernando got extremely indignant and everyone marched their egos and plans back and forth and finally, for some inexplicable reason, not only Siddons but everyone in the room signed the piece of paper.

The contract actually meant nothing, except the Doors were at some unspecified time in the very vague future supposed to do some sort of television show for Telesistema Mexicana—for \$20,000. (Of which it was finally determined Javier would get \$5,000 if he gave the Doors two more nights of work and got them two concerts at the National Auditorium—although none of this was in the contract.) There wasn't even anything on the piece of paper preventing the Doors from doing a similar show for a competing station first.

Nonetheless, once the contract was scrawled with signatures, champagne and cigars were brought out. Everybody was ecstatic, life-long buddies. It was nearly dawn.

The visit was approaching its conclusion. Thousands of Mexicans had stared at the beards and long hair of the Doors, but none had made any truly derogatory comment. (One boy called Morrison "Jesus Christ.") The country was repeatedly described as a "political pot boiling," but the Doors seemed to have been kept away from that—except for the fact that many of the planned concerts weren't held.

It seemed, in fact, the only ones aware the Doors had come to Mexico City were the nation's young. The people the government worried about.

The Doors returned to the hotel. Johnny was driving again and in an effort to lose a car following the limousine, he sped along the Reforma at 80 miles an hour, slowing to 50 for the 90-degree turns.

The pace was so fast, everyone began to laugh. As each turn screeched into the immediate past, the Doors, in good-natured panic, roared their approval of Johnny's driving.

"*Prontol Prontol!*" Morrison shouted, forming a gun with his finger and thumb and making the throaty sounds of pistol shots.



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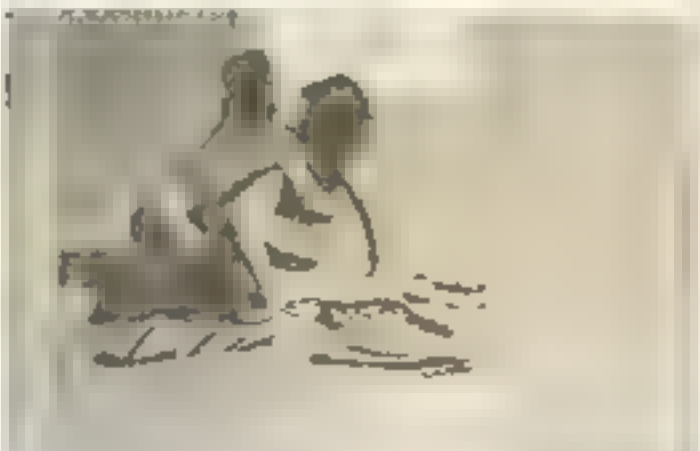
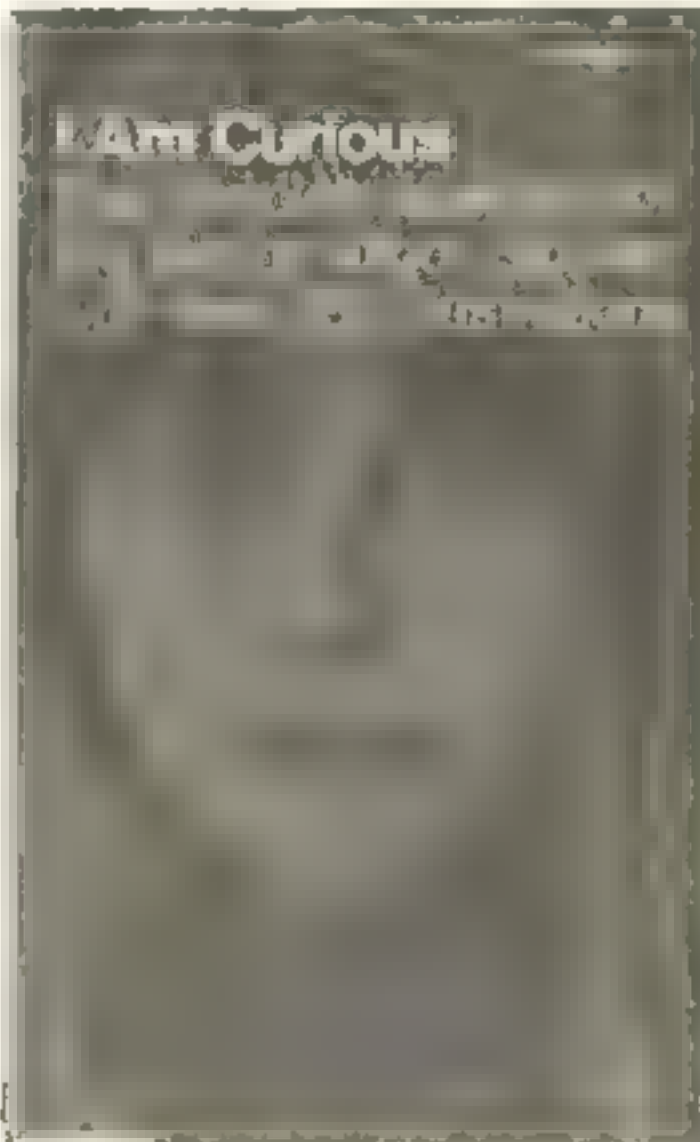
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## BOOKS



*I Am Curious (Yellow)*, Vilgot Sjöman. Grove Press, 254 pages. \$1.25.

BY GARY VON TERSCH

"In Rio De Janeiro  
You Can Fuck for Free . . ."  
Lena, she stands in the tile room,  
she scratches her . . .  
Yes, little friend, freedom is a hard  
thing.  
Freedom is hard.  
It tickled and lured between your  
legs  
And now you're standing here  
At the clinic at seven in the morn-  
ing.

Above song sung by Peter Wester, the head cameraman, while general assistant Bengt Palmström strums guitar "looking for a tune."

Haplessly or not my first introduction to *I Am Curious* came about because of a Grove Press Black Cat paper-back which has the complete unexpurgated scenario, over 250 vital stills from the film and a very interesting montage of excerpts from the court-trial the film underwent in May of 1968. It has since been released in this country and I have seen it in New York and therefore will employ some visual metaphors in my discussion.

But the thing is that, like the paper-back versions of *A Married Woman* and *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* with their cathedrals and meadows of stills, one's impressions are sometimes more concrete and viable when fixed on a page. This is certainly not to deny the film itself. This is only to treat the film as true art—both the apocalyptic poetry of its dialogue and the horrific yet sensual art (in the sense of Renoir, Braque, Miro and Picasso, etc.) of its visual appeal. And for the nonce what better way than a book? Besides the counterpoint of mediums is delicious. As Joyce stated in *Finnegans Wake*: "That's the point of eschatology our book of kills reaches for now in so and so many counterpoint words. What can't be coded can be decoded if an ear eye seize what no eye ere grieved for. Now, the doctrine obtains, we have occasioning cause causing effects and affects occasionally recusing alter-effects."

The thematic concern of Sjöman's effort is multi-faceted and switches from the specific to the general so bewitchingly: there are shots of Martin Luther King, Yevtushenko, copulation, slogans, sex manuals, France, people on the street, placards, soldiers, genitalia, etc. But the over-riding thrust of the film is the reality of the concept of change. This becomes more obvious when one sees the film—for Lena, the heroine, symbolically slashes Franco's eyes out and leaves Vilgot (Sjöman himself) at the end. Yet the change is also cyclic and cathartic for Lena returns to Borje, her "twenty-fourth" lover, but only after a vivid drama sequence where she shoots him dead and "takes out her knife and castrates him."

There are also political and moral convolutions portrayed as Sjöman uses a man-on-the-street stance to get at the nitty-gritty of the Swedish political situation and some brilliant sequences as comments on the moral issues youth today face. One I liked was the "imaginary special meeting at the Board of Film Censors in Stockholm" which occurs after the first explicit copulation scene as we see Mr. Erik Skoglund—63, young film censor—checking the rules as his co-workers count on their fingers: *Did she say 23?*

The implied universality that Sjöman is hinting at really strikes home when one contrasts the current ABM controversy and the issue of non-violence with two sequential scenes from the film (also shown in the book). The first of these is the "Sociodrama" encounter where young soldiers are being trained in the non-violent blocking of a railway track:

Non-violent officer: Roughly, I'd say that those who can stand the greatest strain in a conventional war can also stand the strain in this. (A train whistle sounds.) Now, my friends, we will change sides! Those who were the defenders down here will now be the aggressors, and vice versa. It's important that those who are the aggressors really feel the pleasure, the excitement of violence, so that you get to experience it in reality. Okay, let's begin!

Chorus (Voice over): "We shall . . ."  
Non-violent officer: Change groups! Go ahead!  
Chorus: ". . . overcome some day."  
Non-violent officer: Hurry up . . .  
Chorus: "We shall . . ."  
Non-violent officer: . . . so we don't get too stiff.  
Chorus: ". . . overcome."  
Non-violent officer: We're all frozen stiff . . .  
Chorus: "We shall . . ."  
Non-violent officer: . . . already  
Chorus: ". . . overcome."  
Non-violent officer: Ready!  
Chorus: "We shall . . ."

as acquaintances and even involves the whole film crew at one point in demonstrating various Yoga postures for Lena.

Finally I would venture the speculation that this is a film that will eventually make a lot of films seem "campy" and "old-fashioned" in their treatments of these themes—particularly in the area of sex—here there are no fade-outs, discreet sheets or angles, out-of-focus shots and all the other un-realities. It may take ten or fifteen years but, with the appearance of this blue-and-yellow masterpiece, films such as *Red Desert*, *Shame*, and yes even *The Married Woman*, may be scoffed at as failures. As Meister Eckhardt once said: "Only the hand that erases can write the true thing."

*I'll take my violin—  
Let the river be my bass—  
Dear old river surging in the valley  
We are old, you and I, and rather  
gray.  
Girls want young lovers  
Who are fast and light on their feet.  
Our days are over  
And in our nook we sit and watch  
The young people dancing.  
(Above sung by Rune, Lena's father.)*



*The Teachings of Don Juan: A Yaqui Way of Knowledge*, by Carlos Castaneda. Ballantine Books, 1969. 95 cents.

BY CONRAD SILVERT

*I lay on my stomach and chewed the top of a plant. It kindled me. It filled every corner of my body with warmth and directness. Everything was alive. Everything had exquisite and intricate detail, and yet everything was so simple.*

Carlos Castaneda's account of his protracted drug-ingesting apprenticeship under the tutelage of a white-haired Yaqui Indian adds yet another chapter to the long list of don juans that have paraded through the continuing novel of Western literature. In this case, the scene of the action being Arizona and northern Mexico, Far Western literature. Amend that to far-out Western literature.

Castaneda was a graduate student in anthropology at UCLA when, in the course of investigating "medicinal plants," he stumbled across don Juan, an old Yaqui who knew a great deal about peyote and other "hallucinogens," the name given by white academia to substances that take the user beyond "ordinary reality." Don Juan lived in terms of what Castaneda calls "non-ordinary" reality, that is, states of being achieved under the influence of special substances taken according to a complex ritual code, and in the context of a particularly defined system of beliefs.

For don Juan and for other diaboleros and brujos, such a system comprises a "way of knowledge," a method for dealing with the hazards of life. The focus of this book is on don Juan's own system as revealed to Castaneda, who came to be regarded by don Juan as *escogido*, the chosen one—the one man able to receive, as apprentice, all the secrets of the man of knowledge, who in turn would take on the role of benefactor. Similarly, don Juan had his own benefactor when he was a young man, to provide the introductory guiding necessary to lead the way down a "path with heart."

During the four years of his on-and-off relationship with don Juan, Castaneda kept a diary of notes, a journal which he has converted into a book partially couched in the language of the contemporary social scientific discipline of cultural anthropology. He divides the book into two parts unequal.

The first two thirds of the book are a condensed version of the diary, detailing the essential conversations with don Juan, as well as several of the actual "non-ordinary" experiences. It is a terse narrative, written with a minimum of emotion and with as much detachment and objectivity as possible—a Hemingway writing of Huxley matters. The style is efficient yet does not lack warmth.

The latter section, "A Structural Analysis," of don Juan's system, was provided for the sake of the discipline. It is an outline which attempts to demonstrate that the system indeed does have internal cohesiveness and logic when seen in terms of itself . . . a somewhat circular way to convince a reader of the system's validity, or verifiability.

Here is where the book lacks conviction. A main theme throughout concerns the very conflict which polarizes (or seems to polarize) on the one hand, the Western rational reality, and, on the other, the reality of don Juan. This conflict makes the translation of don Juan's personal vision into a logically structured "system" both difficult and dangerous. For it reduces phenomena intrinsically intuitive and non-logical down to a deceptively ordered, self-sufficient universe.

This same conflict is the one which Castaneda eventually shipwrecked. His fears of "losing his mind"—of not being able to reconcile the two realities—are what forced him in the end to abandon the apprenticeship. His reasons for quitting are analogous to those of a head who lays off a certain substance because the bad trips have outweighed the good to a point where the paranoia paralyzes.

The author could not find security within don Juan's world. For Castaneda, ultimately, the two realities could not mix.

Yet don Juan's world is not without beauty, wisdom, and power.

Power is gained through reverently cultivating friendship of the allies: jimson or "devil's" weed (*datura innoxia*), and a mushroom smoking mixture, probably *psilocybe mexicana*. These allies have "rules," or special procedures that require the explanatory help of a benefactor-teacher such as don Juan.

Peyote (*lophophora williamsii*), on the other hand, is the "protector," and needs no rule, no benefactor—its secrets are self-discovered. Mescalito transcends ritual boundaries, and is a teacher alone—no middle-man, no medium needed. Castaneda:

*I was concentrating on my new, unique ability to see in the dark. I could distinguish the very minute pebbles in the sand. At moments everything was so clear it seemed to be early morning, or dusk. Then it would get dark; then it would clear again. Soon I realized that the brightness corresponded to my heart's diastole, and the darkness to its systole. The world changed from bright to dark to bright again with every beat of my heart.*

Light and dark as negatives of one another. Transformation. The beat, speeded, slowed, alternating. The heart's connections with time. And music: Mescalito, the protector, has his songs. Don Juan quoted:

*You can tell who are the phonies by listening to people singing the protector's songs. Only the songs with soul are his and were taught by him. The others are copies of other men's songs. People are sometimes as deceitful as that. They sing someone else's songs without even knowing what the songs say.*

—And Mescalito's own song is a high-whining buzz, "a million bees." Or, the melody of many human voices. Enter:

*At the foot of one boulder I saw a man sitting on the ground, his face turned almost in profile. I approached him until I was perhaps ten feet away; then he turned his head and looked at me. I stopped—his eyes were the water I had just seen! They had the same enormous volume, the sparkling of gold and black. His head was pointed like a strawberry; his skin was green, dotted with innumerable warts . . . I stood in front of him, staring . . . I felt he was deliberately pressing on my chest with the weight of his eyes. I was choking. I lost my balance and fell to the ground. His eyes turned away. I heard him talking to me. At first his voice was like a soft rustle of a light breeze. Then I heard it as music—as a melody of voices—and I "knew" it was saying, "What do you want?"*

The colors are wide awake.



ART T. WILBY

The Wild West, a San Francisco Festival. August 22-24 at Golden Gate Park.

"Years passed, and the Yesters were getting bigger and bigger. Judy often liked to say, 'Herb Cohen has made me what I am today, a pregnant housewife.' In 1967, Jerry Yester joined the Lovin' Spoonful and became a teen idol until they broke up a few months later.

"One day after the Spoonful break-up, Jerry approached his wife, Judy, and said, 'Look, why don't we really try to do something that we're proud of. Why don't we make a record together. Why don't I write the music and you write the lyrics. Why don't we? Why?' And Herb Cohen, convinced success was just around the corner, went to Istanbul under an assumed name."

## JUDY HENSKE & JERRY YESTER



STS 1052

# PARROT HEAD RECORDS

STANDARD

# RECORDS



BY PETER GURALNICK

*From Elvis in Memphis, Elvis Presley (RCA LST 4155)*

Elvis and Memphis have changed, along with everything else. Country music has been polysyllabized, and rhythm and blues, which was once just that, has long since dropped the blues from its make-up. When Elvis was in high school he could have heard Muddy's "Long Distance Call" or "Honey Bee" as popular new releases, and Sonny Boy Williamson's "Don't Start Me to Talkin'" came out at just about the same time as Elvis' own first song. Sam Phillips, Elvis' reluctant discoverer, had in the course of a few years recorded Howlin' Wolf, Bobby Bland, Little Junior Parker, Johnny Ace and B. B. King, all for the first time. Some records had been leased, others had appeared on his own Sun label. There was a relaxed interplay—musical and probably social—between white and black that was the product as much of naivete as of conscious commercial exploitation.

When Elvis first recorded fifteen years ago there was no name for the kind of music he was playing. It was just the sort of thing you heard at roadhouses and country fairs all through Mississippi, Arkansas, and Tennessee. Country singers like Sonny Burgess were known for

raucous blues like "Red Headed Woman," and Harmonica Frank, the Great Medical Manager, recorded by Phillips, was popular with his blues and novelty numbers. All of this was at Elvis' fingertips, and he could sing Arthur Crudup's "That's All Right" as naturally as "Isle of Broken Dreams" or "My Happiness" (the song he recorded originally on a Sun demo for his mother's birthday).

Elvis' first commercial release, Crudup's blues backed by a Bill Monroe bluegrass tune, changed everything. For one thing, it changed Sun Records. From a white-owned blues label which might have given the Chess brothers (to whom much of Phillips' material was leased) stiff competition Sun became first the harbinger and then the king of the new rockabilly sound. It's generally been assumed that the phenomenal commercial success of this music reflected a correspondent deterioration in quality, but I think that in reality no such decline took place. In just three years Phillips put together a list that could rival that of any other recording company in any other field. There was room for the talents of artists as diverse as Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins, Roy Orbison, Charlie Rich, Billy Riley, Warren Smith, Johnny Cash, and Elvis himself, and

really the only conclusion to which we are led is that Phillips was a man of exceptional, wide-ranging taste who possessed extraordinary producing ability.

Dewey Phillips, a popular Memphis DJ with a big rhythm and blues following, broke Elvis' song on the radio, and according to legend the station was flooded with calls demanding the song be played over and over again. Elvis himself hid out in a movie theatre, and at last appeared on Dewey Phillips' radio show to quiet the public uproar, and, at Phillips' prodding, to give assurance (in order to authenticate his color) that it was indeed all-white Humes High School that he had attended. We listen to these accounts not with disbelief but with a kind of incomprehension, unable to imagine so electrifying a triumph, unable to recapture so revolutionary a moment. In those days Sonny Boy Williamson was on the radio broadcasting from West Helena, Arkansas with his King Biscuit Boys, Elmore James and B. B. King, among others. Rufus "Bear Cat" Thomas, the novelty blues singer, was a regular DJ on WDIA—as he remains today—and it was just a couple of years before that Howlin' Wolf left his job at WKWM and went north to Chicago after five years of spinning records and selling fertilizer. It seems in retrospect like such

a fabulous time—yet many of these same singers are still around, and Elvis is still on top.

The new album is great. I think flatly and unequivocally that it is the equal of anything he has ever done. If it were made only of its weakest elements it would still be a good record and one that would fulfill in many ways all the expectations we might have had of Elvis.

"In the Ghetto," a hit big enough to substantiate Elvis' continued popularity, is for all its lush orchestration convincingly sung and phrased with sensitivity. It substantiates as well the whole liberal complex we grafted on to Elvis in adopting him for our hero, and despite a message fuzzy enough to allow the song considerable C&W popularity it gives us a statement as explicit as any we are ever likely to get. "Only the Strong Survive," while a little stiff and tightly sung, is a creditable soul offering, and even "Any Day Now" is palatable enough in this vein. Finally "Gentle On My Mind" offers us Elvis in the new mod buckskin image of country music, as he triumphs forcefully over the banality of the lyrics with a willingness to use dramatics, even at the risk of seeming melodramatic, and all this on a song that has previously been

the bland property of singers like Glen Campbell and Bobby Goldsboro.

Most striking are the powerful evocations of an earlier style with "Power of My Love," a tough blues with a popular bridge, and "After Loving You," a stammered blues very much like "One Night." Both have basic rock and roll accompaniment, both are marked by the boastful sexual swagger of earlier days, and "After Loving You" is highlighted by what sounds like Elvis' own lowdown guitar (with the same runs that brought cries of "Play it dirty, play it dirty" on the TV special). "True Love Travels on a Gravel Road" gives us a well-written love ballad, early updated with scarcely a hint of the anachronistic style of "Love Me," "Love Me Tender," and "Loving You." It's put across in Elvis' best genteel manner, offering a glimpse of real sophistication while at the same time "It Keeps Right On A-Hurtin'" and "Movin' On" are masterful reminders of El's earlier country and western roots. "It Keeps Right On A-Hurtin'" showcases fine Jerry Lee Lewis-styled country piano, and "Movin' On," Hank Snow's driving classic, complete with whining steel guitar, is nicely understated by Elvis' normally extravagant voice. Both cuts are marked by the same sensible arrangements which distinguish the greater part of the album, and both are vivid, highly successful performances.

All of this is merely confirmation of what we already knew about Elvis, though. What is new, and what is obvious from the first notes of the record, is the evident passion which Elvis has invested in this music and at the same time the risk he has taken in doing so. From the hoarse shout that opens the album to the hit song that closes it, it seems clear—as indeed it was clear on the TV special—that Elvis is trying, and trying very hard, to please us. He needs to have our attention, and it comes as something of a shock to discover that a hero whom we had set up to feel only existential scorn, a hero who was characterized by a frozen sneer and a look of sullen discontent should need us in the end. It is his involvement after all which comes as the surprise.

And thus it's "Long Black Limousine" and "I'll Hold You In My Heart" which mark the high point of the album and indeed may mark the high point of Elvis' career to date. "Long Black Limousine" is the almost quintessential C&W ballad, the melody of which bears traces of such mournful standards as "Old Shep" and "Green Green Grass of Home." It tells the classic story of the country girl who goes to the city in search of riches, only to be corrupted by city ways.

When you left you know you told me that someday you'd be returning

In a fancy car for all the town to see  
Well now, everyone is watching you,  
you've finally had your dream

And you're riding in a long black limousine

Ordinarily a song like this will be treated as a kind of grim cautionary tale, delivered in a flat unadorned voice with simple sentimental country backing. Here the accompaniment is ornamented with bells, horns, and female choir, but it is Elvis' voice upon which the words depend for their dramatic effect. In a departure quite uncharacteristic of most country music, there is a fierce, almost shocked indignation in the voice, and the passionate intensity of Elvis' voice transforms a fairly ordinary song into a vehicle for savage social protest.

"I'll Hold You In My Heart" ("Til I Can Hold You In My Arms"), an Eddy Arnold composition, is a simpler kind of song with words almost altogether, the arrangement is just country-gospel piano, strong supporting guitar, piano and rhythm, and the message consists only of one or two verses repeated hypnotically over and over. The effect is all-enveloping, though, and nothing could better exemplify the absorbing character of Elvis' unique and moving style. At the same time nothing could more effectively defy description, for there is nothing to the song except a haunting, painful emotionalism. It goes on and on, long past the point where you'd have thought it might logically have stopped, as Elvis himself is seemingly caught up in the mesmerizing effect of words and rhythm until he is lost in the song, using the dynamics of his voice to marvelous effect, calling up an aching vulnerability which he has never before exposed. He doesn't let go of the song until he has wrung every last ounce of feeling from it, and listening to this

performance is an absorbing, emotionally riveting experience. Elvis has never sung better.

And yet it's still not the same. There is that unavoidable lightness in his voice. For a moment we lose sight of it in "I'll Hold You In My Heart," but it's a function of knowledge as much as anything else. You can't recapture the innocent ease of those first sides, you can't bring back the easy innocence of new adulthood, whether for listener or for singer. What is so striking about the sides cut for Sun Records, even today, fifteen years after their first release, is the freshness of style, the cleanliness and enthusiasm. There is a total lack of pretentiousness in Scotty Moore's crisp lead guitar and in the easy swing of the combo. The sound is without affectation or clutter, and the songs—about equally divided between blues and country and mostly available on two RCA albums, *A Date With Elvis* (LSP 2011) and *For LP Fans Only* (LSP 1990)—are all of them timeless. Most of all the voice, free of the mannerisms with which it has inevitably become infected, is joyously full of confidence and youthful vitality.

The first arrangement of "That's All Right," it is said, was worked out during a coffeebreak between takes of a ballad called "Without You." Really, all the early songs sound like some kind of inspired accident. It's as if some musicians got together and fooled around to make music for themselves, and the result somehow found its way onto record. There's the unexpected falsetto and chuckle with which Little Junior Parker's "Mystery Train" trails off, the bubbly beginning to "Baby Let's Play House," and the too perfect, beautiful slow take of Kokomo Arnold's "Milk-cow Blues" when Elvis says, "Hold it, fellas. That don't move me. Let's get real gone for a change."

Well, he got gone. Sun sold his contract to RCA for \$35,000 plus \$6000 in back pay they owed to Elvis, and Sam Phillips lived to regret his one real lapse of judgment. "I knew he'd be big," Phillips is reported to have said, "but I never knew he'd be that big." Elvis, too, must have been a little bewildered, but he never let it show, for he withdrew from the world to make movies. He made more money, and the Colonel's formulaic approach to show business continued to pay off, and Elvis didn't go back to record in his home town of Memphis until 1969.

His homecoming can now be accounted a triumph. But then his whole career can be counted a triumph. There's no point on wasting any sympathy on Elvis or on anyone else. Because if he lost what he had he certainly got what he wanted, and that's all you can really hope for, isn't it? When he first came to our attention it would have been difficult to imagine the seriousness with which rock and roll would one day be greeted. We took Little Richard's outlandish screams for a welcome relief, and the nonsense lyrics of Chuck Berry and Carl Perkins seemed to express an implicit view of the world that each of us secretly shared. Now the secret is out, and everyone is covering up.



*Love Man*, Otis Redding (Atco SD 33-289)

With the release of the fourth posthumous Otis Redding album, perhaps it's time to examine the Redding legend and reassess his position in the pop pantheon. Unquestionably, the man had superb talents—both as composer-songwriter and, especially, as live performer. Equally factual, however, is the necrophiliac aspect of his worshippers' adoration. As a result of his stand-out Monterey appearance, his long-overdue and at-last-breaking recognition, and his subsequent untimely death, Otis' pop reputation skyrocketed. "Dock of the Bay" seemed to

herald a major breakthrough in patterned Memphis soul music. And *Stax-Volt* (later Atco) managed to piece together strong albums from unreleased tapes, plus a few early recordings: *Dock of the Bay*, *The Immortal Otis Redding*. He became the Kennedy of rock, the mythic hero cut down in the prime of life (At least Otis' death didn't seem sacrificial).

Face it, folks. Otis Redding is dead. He was a good, no, a great performer, but he's survived by several other major figures—Wilson Pickett, Joe Tex, Joe Simon, Sam and Dave are all still with us. They deserve our support today.

All this is by way of philosophical reflection—please don't throttle me yet. I even like *Love Man*, which offers more of the phenomenally rich Otis/Booker T. and the M.G.'s/Stax Volt horn section sound. I freely confess my own greed for new Redding albums and my unceasing awe at the quality of vault tapes Otis left as his musical legacy. So far, it's like a magic pouch: the more you take away, the more is left inside.

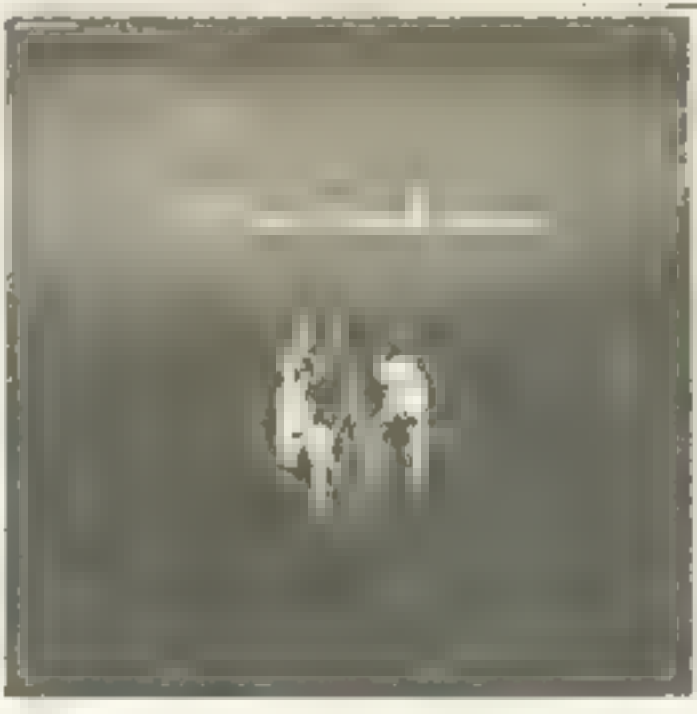
*Love Man*'s slow ballads, particularly "I'll Let Nothing Separate Us" and "Free Me," will break the hearts of many more chicks. (By the way, listen to Booker T's organ comping on "Free Me," and you'll know that Al Kooper borrowed more from Memphis than just the horns.) The M.G.'s, of course, acquit themselves with loose imagination and tight style on nearly every cut. As for the "Love Man" himself, the album includes several of his very strongest performances on record.

For "I'm a Changed Man," Otis dips into his "scat" bag, ya-ya-yaing to beat the band (which keeps right up with him instead). Next, Otis takes the vocal straight, flashing and cutting through "Higher and Higher" like a knife, while Duck Dunn's bass rolls and tolls like Booker T's organ. "You got me cryin', I'm goin' blind; I'm goin' up down, down up, losin' weight by the pound," pleads Otis in "Your Feeling Is Mine." But his confidence comes back strong in the title tune; Al Jackson's drums explode into action, and Otis lets it all hang out: "I'm six feet one, weight two hundred and ten; long hair and pretty fair skin... Which one o' you girls want me to hold you? Which one o' you girls want me to kiss you?"

But the album's highpoint—and one of the best Memphis soul cuts of all time—is "Direct Me." No horns this time; just the meshed motion of Otis with tamborine, bass, smooth organ, and countryish guitar. Steve Cropper's half-choked, bent-string picking stings all around Otis' happy lament—and makes me want to take back all my earlier grouching, which was aimed at the fans anyway.

Redding was a musical genius. It looks like we'll have him with us on record for some time to come. But the vault tapes can't last forever. Pick up on all those other guys. Remember what Otis said. "You gotta, you gotta, try a little tenderness."

ED LEIMBACHER



*Soft Parade*, The Doors (Elektra EKS-75005)

A front page ad in *Billboard* says it: "Initial orders promise it will attain the instant solid gold status of their first three albums." It looks like it will, but not because anyone listened to the record.

Alternate suggested titles for *The Soft Parade* would be *The Worst of the Doors*, *Kick Out the Doors*, or best, *The Soft Touch*.

*The Soft Parade* is worse than infuriating, it's sad. It's sad because one of the most potentially moving forces in rock has allowed itself to degenerate. A trite word, but true.

*The Soft Parade* represents a clear and present decline in musicianship. This is quite apart from stage showmanship, or even "drama." The Doors are obviously more potent than ever. But the Doors are a rock group, and at heart a rock group must produce vital, listenable, interesting music, or the rest is just so many lump wicks waving in the Miami breeze.

And this gorgeous-looking album is not vital, not very listenable and is certainly not interesting. It sounds for all the world like the stuff they had the good sense to leave off their first albums. The weaknesses cannot be palmed off as experimentation, because, despite the addition of strings and horns, it's just the same *The same but worse*.

Ok, there are two un-Doors-like songs, both written by Robbie Krieger. "Touch Me" and "Follow Me Down" are horn-string showpieces for the resonant baritone of Jim Morrison that aren't the worst of the Doors. They're the worst of Jerry Vale or the worst of Andy Williams. While the Doors' *reductio-ad-absurdum* poetry could usually be disguised by invigorating (if not very convincing) emotion, these damn songs stick that idiocy right up front and surround it with the most cliché-ridden sounds this side of the 101 Strings.

The remainder of the songs sound like the Doors alright, but they're pale shadows of their earlier works. The Doors' power is also their weakness. They have had from the beginning, and still have, one of the cleanest, most solid and, above all, most recognizable sounds in rock. Part of this is the Morrison power, but the other Doors are equally responsible. There is rarely any doubt that you're listening to the Doors. It's a great sound, a successful sound, but it forces a highly directional form of musical invention on the Doors and it is this that they have not been able to maintain. Instead they've just gone from excess to excess.

"Running Blue" is a superb example. It's hard to imagine Doors' poetry getting more excessive than it's been, but listen to this:

Poor Otis dead and gone

Left me here to sing his song

Pretty little girl with the red dress on  
Poor Otis dead and gone.

Can you dig it? Or, better yet, "Do It." Please please listen to me children  
Please please listen to me children  
Please please listen to me children  
You are the ones who will rule the world

And if, as Morrison himself says, the words don't count and the mood created is the important facet of the Doors' rock, then they've really bummed out on this one. The mood they've created is loud, dull boredom. There are some good images, some good musical licks, but it just isn't worth shuffling through the rest of this scree to find the few semi-precious stones.

What little good there is on the album is mostly in the title cut, "The Soft Parade." But the thing is so mangled, so jammed together and frequently so silly that it's kind of hard to listen all through its 8:40 for the good.

With individual credit now being given for the songs, it's plain that Morrison's songs are better than Krieger's. But it's just the lesser of two evils.

In any case, with this album, the Doors appear to be in the final stages of musical constipation. Morrison admits that they haven't done any new material in three years, and unless something drastic happens, the next album ought to be an epitaph.

I highly recommend *The Soft Parade* for these people like Dunbar in *Catch-22* who like to be bored to tears in order to make the time pass more slowly. Otherwise, don't bother.

ALEC DUBRO



"Honky Tonk Women" b/w "You Can't Always Get What You Want," The Rolling Stones (London 45-910)

"Honky Tonk Women" would have made a great twenty minute cut on the Stones' new album; as it is this disc is most likely the strongest three minutes of rock and roll yet released in 1969. It deserves twenty minutes because the Stones give us just the most tantalizing taste of everything they do well, of everything they do the best. In spite of Mick's

screaming, joyful singing, this time the star of the show is Keith Richards. He combines the cleanest, toughest guitar lines in rock with Charlie Watts' ping-pong cowbell and steady drum shots for an introduction very similar to and equally as dramatic as that of Marvin Gaye's "I Heard It Through the Grapevine." Keith moves off after that, really fronting Mick himself, stretching sex with a smile out of every note, running up to the choruses with the same kind of perfect excitement Mike Bloomfield displayed on "Like a Rolling Stone." On the last two choruses Richards sings beautifully behind Mick, bending the words in counterpoint to Mick's straight shouts: "It's a haaaaawww-aw-aw-aw-aw-kytonky woman! Bam! Gimme, Gimme, Gimme, Gimme..." It would have been a special gas to hear Keith sing a chorus all by himself.

Mick sounds as if he had more fun recording this number than since I don't know when, kicking off the marvelous sax, bass, and guitar break with a sizzling "All reeeeet!" ending it all with his out-of-breath shout "now woodh!" Hero producer Jimmy Miller has it just right for Bill Wyman, bringing the bass up for the choruses to fill in all the gaps. And the lyrics fit Ethan Russell's sneaky color photo on the single's cover: "I laid a/ dee-vor-say/ in New York City/ Bomp ba-da..." A Stones classic.

The flip side is simply the other side of the Rolling Stones; from the cheap pubs of "Spider and the Fly" and the barrooms of Memphis Mick threads his way up the ladder of the upper class, back to the girls of "The 19th Nervous Breakdown" and "Play With Fire" in their mansions in St. Johns Wood, Hampstead, and Chelsea. Slow notes on the guitar and the moaning of a french horn lend into a melancholy story in which no sympathy is wasted on anyone: "You can't always get what you want... Oh, no, you can't always get what you want... you can't always get what you want... But if you try sometimes, you might find... that you get what you need." The arrangement of this masterful tale of decadence is very reminiscent of Traffic, the chorus seemingly a marriage of "Feelin' Alright?" and the best riffs from "Smiling Phases." Al Kooper sits in on piano and organ, and comes up with his best music since *Blonde on Blonde*. For a man who's been put down a great deal lately—if for good reason—Kooper shows that when discipline is imposed the fruits of his imagination are as good as they come.

We really couldn't ask for more—the life and times of the Rolling Stones on one little record, and a cover picture that says it just as well as the music. Buy it, lay it on your stereo and hang it on your wall. It'll look good there.

GREIL MARCUS



Suitable for Framing, Three Dog Night (Dunhill DS50058)

Thanks to a hit single and a smooth promotional campaign, Three Dog Night is quickly becoming a name group. Judging by their latest album, whatever success this group has achieved is largely undeserved.

Mediocrity and lack of imagination characterize everything Three Dog Night does. They play it safe all the way. Having almost no original material of their own, they pick up on proven winners by other artists (like "Try a Little Tenderness" and "Don't Make Promises" from their first album, "Feelin' Alright?" and "A Change is Gonna Come" on this one), and they trivialize the material with a style suitable for performance on Hugh Hefner's variety show, on which Three Dog Night is a regular attraction. Take their job on "A Change is Gonna Come." Aretha and Otis both produced moving versions of this song, partly because they conceived of it as an opportunity for paying respect to Sam Cooke. But when Three Dog Night does it, in a technically competent but uninteresting

manner, the only rationale seems to be a shortage of material.

Three Dog Night's claim to fame is that they have three lead singers—Danny Hutton, Chuck Negron, and Cory Wells. You'd think that purely by chance one of the three would turn out to be an interesting vocalist, but such is not the case. The only real consequence of the group having three different vocalists is that the listener can be bored in three different ways.

The first track of the album, a wretched version of "Feelin' Alright?" makes this apparent. Chuck Negron, singing lead, enunciates each word carefully, almost painfully, as if he were trying to impress a high school English teacher. Hutton and Wells chime in first with some dull harmonizing, and then with a grating dit-dit-dit-dit routine. The whole thing is reminiscent of Three Dog Night's earlier rape job on "Try a Little Tenderness."

While the vocals by Negron and Hutton are relatively inoffensive, Cory Wells' singing is irritating. On several cuts he assumes the posture of an R&B singer. He shouts and groans at the end of "Eli's Coming." He throws in "gotta," "huh," and "alright" at all the proper places in "Ain't That a Lotta Love." It all comes out synthetic—rhythm blues by rote learning.

The four musicians who compose the rest of Three Dog Night are competent, and even, in scattered moments (as on "Lady Samantha") interesting. But in general, mediocrity pervades the group's music as it does its vocals and its choice of material. Taking no chances as usual, Three Dog Night employs a horn section, borrowed from the Chicago Transit Authority, on several tracks. The use of horns turns out to be as pointless as everything else. "Celebrate," the final track on the album, provides the horn section with its big moment—but the attempt at a driving finish merely sounds blaring.

Sadly enough, all this mediocrity pays off. It's already produced a hit single, "One"; it's likely to produce more. But who knows; Three Dog Night might improve. Someday they might even reach the aesthetic level of the Grass Roots.

BRUCE MIROFF



With A Little Help From My Friends, Joe Cocker (A&M SP 4182)

Joe Cocker and the Grease Band were ending a performance they gave recently at the Whiskey in Los Angeles. As they went into their explosive version of "With A Little Help From My Friends," a noble young admirer, apparently driven wild by Cocker's amazing voice and insane spastic contortions, stationed herself on her back between Cocker's legs and, reaching up, began to work the Cocker cock with considerable fervor. Moments later Joe delivered the scream of his career.

Which is not to say that everyone will react with such frenzy to this latest and perhaps greatest British bearer of the Ray Charles tradition, but that Cocker's first album, a gem, should cause an awful lot of excitement. Despite the fact that he's a twenty-four year-old product of Sheffield, England, Cocker's voice is that of a middle-aged Southern black man—and the quality of his voice enables him to transcend (as does Ray Charles on his coke commercials) the lyrics and the traditional happy associations of such originally sprightly tunes as "Bye Bye Blackbird," turning them into astonishing, compelling expressions of pain and desperation.

That Cocker is a Charles imitator is beyond argument—at various places on his album he even receives vocal backing from former Raelettes. But Cocker has assimilated the Charles influence to the point where his feeling for what he is singing cannot really be questioned. And, in answer to the question of why someone should listen to Cocker when there is Charles to listen to—how many times

in recent years has the latter applied himself to such exceptional modern material as Dave Mason's "Feelin' Alright?" or such contemporary Dylan as "I Shall Be Released" (of which Cocker does the most evocative, moving version I've yet heard)?

Denny Cordell, late of Procol Harum fame, deserves a feverish round of applause for producing this album, in spite of such momentary lapses as stealing almost intact Havens' arrangement of "Just Like A Woman" and letting Jimmy Page nearly capsize "Bye Bye Blackbird" with a completely inappropriate solo. Cordell was so determined to come up with a perfect album (and the album is nearly perfect) that he spent over a year and a small fortune getting everything just so. For instance, he's reportedly got ten excellent takes of "Released" in a can somewhere, having decided that none of the takes—done by Al Kooper and Aynsley Dunbar among others—were quite good enough. Cordell's success in fusing a consistently marvelous backing unit out of America's premier studio soul singers and England's most famous rock musicians and delicate egos cannot be exaggerated.

Besides such material as the Dylan, Mason and Beale stuff there are three originals written by Cocker and Grease Band keyboard man Chris Stainton. "Marjorie" (a Stainton puppet show score to which Joe added words), "A Change in Louise," and "Sandpaper Cadillac," all of which are brilliant rock tunes. It's a triumph all around. And the thought of Cocker's next album, which will include new Harrison and McCartney songs and a lot more Grease Band originals, is an exceptionally pleasant one.

JOHN MENDELSON



NRBO (Columbia CS 9858)

Remember those old movie clips of early attempts to build a "flying machine"? A man stands atop a high cliff waving large artificial bat wings attached to his arms—black oil cloth held together by wooden frames. After a dramatic gesture to the crowd he leaps into the air, flaps his wings madly, and falls two hundred feet to the bottom of the cliff. Splat! Thus it is with the NRBO album.

In this case the take-off point was the most unbelievably exaggerated hype since chlorophyll toothpaste. As NRBO moved north from its home in Kentucky, Columbia Records began trumpeting the national anthem of rock P-R, the ever popular "First Group Since the Beatles to Capture That Simple, Joyous Rock and Roll." This time we were told that not only was the band "a way of life," but also that "NRBO is life." With a tasteless rap like that laid on them any group would have to check its contract to make sure it hadn't signed a death certificate by mistake. Apparently, record companies have decided that what "Top 40" really means is the highest possible I.Q. of the average listener.

NRBO's music is characterized by an insane and disorganized eclecticism. The album lumps together country music, hard rock, Sun Ra, cocktail lounge jazz, and folk ballads into an unlistenable collage. Rather than integrate the various styles into a coherent set of moods, the record assaults the listener with fragments which are sadly inadequate by themselves and which clash when brought together. The truly sad part of it is that the band obviously has a great deal of talent and spirit.

NRBO originally stood for "National Rhythm and Blues Quintet" and later for "National Rockabilly Quintet." It is indeed the rhythm and blues and early rock numbers which they do best. "Rock and Roll Shoes" in particular is masterfully arranged, executed, and recorded. The guitar, piano, tambourine and drums are all competent and make up for the weakness of the singing. The lyrics are fine: "Now a long time ago Chuck Willis made a plea/ You didn't listen to him but you gotta listen to me/ So get down,

get down those rock and roll shoes/ I just got a feelin', we got no time to lose." The problem is that we did listen to Chuck Willis and a lot of other people, and we recognize the themes and riffs are unsophisticated cops from some excellent ten and twelve-year-old songs. After doing changes from Willis' "(I Don't Want To) Hang Up My Rock and Roll Shoes," from "Chantilly Lace," "Rockin' Robin," and so forth, the lead singer exclaims, "I get that feelin', I'm paying my dues." Roots? Yes NRBO's got lots of roots, but then so does crabgrass.

This is a potentially exciting group of young musicians in search of an identity. Hopefully, they will be able to discover a way of combining their two loves, rock and roll and country, in a style which will delight rather than irritate our ears. It will take a lot of work.

In the meantime this record obeys the now thoroughly verified "Law of Falling Rock Groups": the quality of the music is inversely proportional to the magnitude of the hype. Perhaps next time NRBO will find a genuine identity and convince Columbia to forget the "First Group Since the Beatles..." nonsense.

LANGDON WINNER



Live at the Golden Bear, Junior Wells (Blue Rock 64003)

Admittedly a tricky business, live recording is often the only way to adequately capture the fire and excitement an artist can project when performing before and to a responsive audience. The B. B. King set *Live at the Regal* (ABC 509) is a perfect example of this, while this Junior Wells LP, his second for Blue Rock, demonstrates the pitfalls of live recording.

The major failing of this album is its lack of excitement. The performances just never catch fire, never rise above the merely routine. And without the spark of genuine, uncontrived inspiration, one is left only with what was played by the participants. That's what we have here. And what was played this particular night at the Golden Bear wasn't terribly interesting, sad to say.

First off, just about every number is plagued with intonation problems. The horns and particularly the lead guitarist are out of tune all the way through the set, which proves a frustrating annoyance, especially as it's such a simple matter to correct. Couldn't producer Jack Daniels hear how badly they were out of tune? Then we have the arrangements, if we can glorify the sketchy horn parts with such a designation—they are unbelievably pedestrian, the sort of things that happen spontaneously onstage when no real charts have been provided. On top of this, they're sloppily played. One clue of the slapdash nature of the proceedings can be found in the first choruses of the tunes, where the horns enter tentatively while trying to get their bearings. Another clue occurs on the ending of "My Babe"; here Junior goes into one of his "excitement building" choruses of oohs and aahs and other vocal punctuations. The horns decide to play a simple riff on the tonic chord; then when Wells starts to solo on harmonica, nobody knows whether to return to the tune's changes or to continue the tonic riff. Pretty chaotic. Things like this happen all the way through the set.

Actually, Junior's part in the proceedings is quite respectable. He sings nicely, with a minimum of the shucking and jiving that have marred some of his recent recordings, and his harmonica sorties are generally pretty good. It looks as though he's veering more and more in the direction of the late Rice Miller (Sonny Boy Williamson II) on harp, and away from an earlier Little Walter influence; this is not a criticism, just an observation. He does a very creditable job on "Fever" and on Rice Miller's "The Goat," among other performances. James Brown's "Please, Please, Please," however, is an unmitigated disaster.

What torpedoes this album is its sloppy, undefined character, the poor intonation and playing of the rest of the band, the lack of any distinction in the horn arrangements and the general perfunctory air of just about every tune. But most of all, it's just boring.

Plagued by a couple of technical problems too, perhaps the most grating of which—from the listener's standpoint—is the phase problem. The intermittent phase distortion on the copy I listened to was terrible, the sound fluctuating all the way through like an aural equivalent of a strobe light. Might be groovy if you're spaced when listening, however. Then, several of the tunes are spliced much too tightly, and as a result begin with an unnatural abruptness, like the notes were cut off.

Unless you're a stone Wells freak, pass this one up. PETE WELDING



With a Little Help From My Friends, Steve Cropper (Vox VOS 6006)

*Jammed Together*, Steve Cropper, Pop Staples, Albert King (Stax STS 2020)  
Look at the picture of Steve Cropper on his new album cover and you see what appears to be a quiet, reserved young man—certainly not a lead guitarist. Play the record and you find that a lead guitarist is exactly what Cropper attempts to be on this solo album.

But Cropper is not a lead guitarist—he's a rhythm guitarist, maybe the best in the business—and this album is a failure for just that reason. After all these years of listening to him as an integral member of Booker T. and the M.G.'s, or backing Otis Redding and countless other soul stars, the sad truth to be gleaned from this album is that Cropper simply cannot carry a sustained piece of music alone.

The music on this album is unoriginal and far from exciting. The arrangement of the title cut is so close to Joe Cocker's version that it seems impossible for it to be coincidental. "Land of 1000 Dances," "99 1/2," "Funky Broadway," and, to a lesser extent, "In the Midnight Hour," also sound a bit too familiar. New material, please. Or at least fresher arrangements.

No one could ever criticize Cropper for lack of good taste. His taste is impeccable. What he is lacking, and very sorely, is a sense of adventure. The restrictions he imposes on himself are too severe. Each cut sounds like the last one, which sounds like the one before it, and so forth. Cropper knows his licks, and he knows them well, but he doesn't know enough of them to put out a diversified solo album.

Listening to Cropper in a more familiar role, however, can be a most rewarding experience. On the three-way LP with Albert King and Pop Staples, King takes the lead virtually all the way through, and Cropper is subdued, relaxed, and effective. It's Cropper's discipline and control, for example, which saves "Don't Turn Your Heater Down," a tune that is in serious danger of falling apart in several spots.

The jam album has its other weak points, but for the most part I recommend it highly. Each of the three guitarists sings one song, the remainder of the album being left to Memphis music pure and simple.

"What'd I Say," is the first song, and despite the weakness of King's singing (which is unconvincing and hardly in the spirit of Ray Charles' original), this cut sets the tone for the rest of the album because the interweaving of the three guitars is pure alchemy. Pop Staples, a man who we should all probably listen to a great deal more than we do, gives "Tupelo," the John Lee Hooker classic, an incredibly sensitive treatment comparable only to that of Hooker himself. Even Cropper's vocal on "Water," his first on record to my knowledge, is surprisingly compelling, an effort easily as good as a lot of the stuff passed off as singing these days.

Most of the first side is slow, lazy, and

bluesy—the kind of music that runs through your head when lying in the sun on a hot summer day. The second side is pretty much uptempo. Horns are used simply and sparingly, sometimes right up front and other times very gentle and seemingly floating in out of nowhere. This is in contrast to the Cropper album, on which horns are prominent throughout, with the arrangements varying from the very good ("Land of 1000 Dances") to the very clumsy ("Boo-Ga-Loo Down Broadway").

No credits are given to the back-up musicians on either LP, although it's probably Booker T. and the M.G.'s on both. The bass work on the Jam album is obviously the best Memphis has to offer.

My main criticism of the Jam album may not be a valid one at all, but the LP sounds a little too slick to be a bona-fide jam session. The fact that credits are given to eleven producers arouses further suspicions. While *Jammed Together* lacks the spontaneity of, for example, *Grape Jam*, it avoids the pretentiousness of the Bloomfield-Kooper ventures. Supersessions are approaching a dead end; but Stax made a wise choice with this one.

JOHN MORTLAND



M.P.G., Marvin Gaye (Tamla 292)

Marvin Gaye has been around for a long time—ever since the beginning of Motown. He's already earned the distinction of two albums of his own greatest hits, but it's only since the beginning of this year that he's achieved truly mass popularity. His version of "I Heard It Through the Grapevine" became the all-time best-selling single for Motown, and Marvin's follow-up, "Too Busy Thinking About My Baby," was another national number one. For some reason, Marvin has been able to escape the plague that has fallen on all of the other Motown groups—the need to include overdone, sentimental songs like "The Impossible Dream" or "The Look of Love" on his albums. All of the cuts on M.P.G. are fully representative of Marvin Gaye at his best—a display of his voice against strong arrangements of top material.

The album leads off with "Too Busy Thinking About My Baby," and it sounds even better in stereo than it did coming out of a car radio. The female voices backing Gaye on this song are a richly balanced setting for his own smoothly syncopated singing. Over the years Marvin Gaye has teamed with Kim Weston and Tammi Terrell for special LPs. He sounds best when he has the counterpoint of a female voice or voices singing with him.

I'm sure Marvin's success with "Grapevine" encouraged him to do versions of other songs first recorded by Gladys Knight. Marvin's "The End of Our Road" is outstanding and very much his own interpretation. He uses his unique falsetto to great effect and the song is very moving.

Smokey Robinson is responsible for a couple of the cuts on side two, "It's a Bitter Pill to Swallow" and "More Than a Heart Can Stand." Both tracks are irresistible. They also show off Marvin's special way of presenting a lyric, as he manages to keep a song driving forward with an incredible momentum while always holding the intricacies of rhythm under control.

"I Got to Get to California" is my particular favorite; Marvin again strides through the song, building the intensity as his voice goes through an exquisite range of changes. There's also a tribute to the Drifters with Gaye's version of "This Magic Moment," but Ben E. King wins hands down on this one. Marvin Gaye does not thrive on songs that require a more melodic and less staccato style of singing.

M.P.G. treats the listener to the same infectious music and subtly varied singing that made Gaye's last two singles so popular. Since the days of "Hitch-Hike" and "Pride and Joy," Marvin has mel-

lowed and expanded his emotional range to include a versatile series of voices. He can bite into the words of a song, suddenly sing against the rhythm of the arrangement, and then slide into a smooth and flexible falsetto for an emphatic "oooh" or "oh yeah" or drive up to a note with an amazing burst of power.

Marvin Gaye does not aim for spectacular effects—he screams and shouts with restraint, if that's not a contradiction. His control of the rhythm and momentum of a song is unique to him, and his specialty is still the delivery of a staccato vocal with a syncopated assurance and conviction. Judging from the way he projects the songs on this album, Marvin still "just wants to testify."

JACK EGAN



Hallelujah! Canned Heat (Liberty LST-7618)

Canned Heat, 1969, is one hell of a band. The rhythm section has never sounded better; Larry Taylor and Fito de la Parra give the music drive without all the busy stuff you hear from the British blues groups. Henry Vestine is in top form, enhancing his distinction as the only major white-blues guitarist who plays single-string solos that don't sound like some black man named King. Alan Wilson, the most highly-skilled mouth-harp player in rock, opens up some new frontiers for the instrument, and both he and Bob Hite sing movingly. Their manager, Skip Taylor, has produced them superbly. The recording has clarity, and balls as well. Even the cover painting is great.

A track called "Canned Heat" fulfills all the expectations we bluesfreaks ever had about this band. Wilson holds forth on one speaker, hammering out peerless Delta rhythm, while Vestine flies freely from the other. The Bear sings most impressively, turning the old lyrics around a bit to make them express, touchingly, what Canned Heat (the band, not the Stereo) has done for his life.

Alan Wilson, whose arrangements have a way of drawing on all the musics of the world (he worked up "On the Road Again") while still coming out blues, contributes four tracks. The best is "Change My Ways," which combines a delicate, almost exquisite vocal line with a hard-blues feel, and makes it work. We quickly forget the clichés hammered out by all the Led Zeppelins of the world, and get into a whole new, uncharted area of rock music. Yet it's still a blues. Things like that make Canned Heat easily the most original of all our blues bands.

Then there's the *piece de resistance*, "Sic 'Em Pigs." Like Booker White's original, "Sic 'Em Dogs On You," this is about police harassment. The Heat strike back at the heat with deliciously sarcastic lyrics and marvelous sound effects.

My typewriter gushes well-deserved superlatives. "I'm Her Man" is quite the equal of the above three. And yet I suddenly realize that *Hallelujah!* doesn't quite pack the wallop it ought to. Some of the tunes have discernible shortcomings. The first half of "Get Off My Back" is exciting as we go from a wonderfully ominous vocal to a solo by Vestine that starts beautifully, but gets bogged down beyond recovery through a series of tempo changes. The group's attempt to play a jazz waltz, "Huatla," is awfully clumsy. "Down in the Gutter but Free" is a jam session on which Vestine and Taylor trade instruments; the novelty quickly palls. "Same All Over" and "Big Fat" are played with compelling precision, but the material is pedestrian.

And so *Hallelujah!* suffers from that most common fault of rock albums, unevenness. One wants to dig a little deeper and figure out why, because the potential is so enormous. The success of these five superior musicians as a group depends on a unique paradox: Canned Heat the super-traditional, super-heavy Delta blues band, spearheaded in live performances by Hite's gorgeous gross-

ness, *versus* Canned Heat the super-innovators, creators of such adventures as "On the Road Again." On their double LP *Living the Blues* they went all-out in both directions—"Refried Boogie" vs. "Parthenogenesis." Here they try for a happy medium, and about half the time, they succeed—not a bad average, really. But even the best numbers on *Hallelujah!* lack some of the spontaneity they had on the *Boogie* album, cut in late 1967, when they were brash and fearless. Now that they're successful, I fear they're holding themselves back a little, being too careful. That's one thing the Heat just can't afford to do much longer.

BARRETT HANSEN



Black Snake Blues, Clifton Chenier (Arhoolie 1034)

Clifton Chenier's name is not exactly a household word—though it should be. But maybe that's all about to change. It can't be every day that "The King of the South" (as Chenier is known along the Texas-Louisiana Gulf Coast) gets two separate plugs in a single issue of *Billboard*, as happened in the July 12th edition. Chenier, you see, a blues singer and accordionist-extraordinaire, is the foremost practitioner of that black Louisiana-cajun R&B called zydeco or, sometimes, *zodico*; and—in my house at least—the release of any new Chenier album is cause for rejoicing.

In the 18th century, the French Acadians of Nova Scotia (remember Longfellow's poem *Evangeline*?) fled persecution from the British Canadian government and settled in Southwest Louisiana, where their French influences quickly became dominant. Cajun Louisiana has stayed that way right up to the present, Cajun music—a guitar-accordion-and-fiddle combination of French and C&W—survives today, as does its black variant, zydeco, which adds a heavy R&B overlay of drums and washboard. Waltzes, two-steps, slow blues, rock and roll tunes—they're all a part of zydeco, and they're all in Chenier's fantastic repertoire.

*Black Snake* marks his third album for Arhoolie (though he's been recording regional Southern hits since the early Fifties)—and it's just more of the same great music: plaintive blues like the title tune, Frenchified versions of Fats Domino's "Walkin' to New Orleans" and Ivory Joe Hunter's "When I Lost My Baby," and wild up-tempo rockers like "Johnny Can't Dance," all filled with pumping, jumping accordion and raspy, churchkey-scratched steel rubboard.

Zydeco, I admit, is probably an acquired taste—and maybe I'm lucky to have kinfolk living in Shreveport, La. But, brother, you got to get it on. And the album that'll do it best in Chenier's first, *Louisiana Blues and Zydeco* (Arhoolie 1024). Buy *Black Snake* if you're already into zydeco; but if you're new to French "La La" music played black Gumbo style, then start with *LB&Z*. I promise you it'll rock all your cares away.

ED LEIMBACHER

## Butterfly Garden

Found Poem: From Plate on Rock in Front of the Pacific Grove Chamber of Commerce

.....  
They sip nectar  
from  
Clethra  
Persica  
Carlesi  
Flowering Currant  
Daffodil  
Grape Hyacinth  
and Sweet Pea  
.....

—William Witherup

## The Dope Story:

Continued from Page 11—

juana) as powerful as LSD, for use in warfare as a non-lethal incapacitating agent." Dr. H. G. Pars of Arthur D. Little, Inc., a Cambridge, Mass., research firm which collaborated on the Defense Department Contract, said that Sam's new stash would "make the enemy too confused to fight."

And north of the border, newly approved amendments to Canada's Narcotics Control Act may foreshadow Washington's next moves. On May 20, Parliament approved a plan introduced by Health Minister John Munro lowering penalties for marijuana possession and sale, but giving police a much freer hand in searches and seizures. Canadian police can now get search warrants from local justices - of - the - peace rather than from magistrates. Stephen Otto, a Liberal M.P. who opposed this change, commented that "I have yet to know a justice of the peace who wouldn't sign anything the police put in front of him. This gives the police a carte blanche."

If the foregoing feeds your paranoia, you can always drown your troubles in drink. Some 342,000,000 gallons of liquor were consumed in the U.S. in 1968, according to The Wall Street Journal—and that's fully five percent higher (?) consumption than the year before. When Congressman Koch sponsored a conference on grass recently—one of those "balanced" and "objective" shadow-boxing panels which are becoming more and more prevalent—Dr. Sidney Cohen of Berkeley dismissed the contention that pot laws should be brought into line with liquor laws, all the while acknowledging that "moderate use" of grass "produces no mental instability whatever." The good doctor smilingly stated that "we're stuck with alcohol, but let's not get stuck with another intoxicant."

But as another panelist, Bard Brosse of NSA's drug desk, pointed out, it's still a question of who gets stuck. "Uh-huh," he retorted to Dr. Cohen, "so we're your guinea pigs, right?"

Right.

## John and Yoko's Wonderwall

ELIZABETH, N. J.—Some 3,300 album covers for "Two Virgins," featuring a front view of John Lennon and Yoko Ono in the raw, will soon be ground into wallboard.

The covers were seized from their distributors, Bestway Products Company, by authorities in January, when Tetragrammaton released the LP. Later, Superior Court Judge Nelson K. Mintz ordered the jackets destroyed, saying they violated state obscenity laws. So the covers—3,300 penises and 6,600 breasts in all—will be ground into wallboard at the National Gypsum Company.

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EXP'D DRUMMER, union, some recording, can travel, draft free; dig Traffic, Dead, Band, Who, Hendrix. Dave—731-7359, 1227 7th Ave., SF.

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SOUL COUNTRY rock group seeks vocalist and 2nd lead guitar/keyboard, pref. own equip. Tony—843-9701 Berkeley, Rich—465-0621 Oakland.

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FEMALE BASSIST wanted for all-girl hardrock band in writing, performing. Living our original material. Daisy—656-6123, L.A.

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BLUES GUITARIST, fresh from Chicago, seeks working blues group or form trio. Ray Petracosta—834-2816, 42 Paradise Valley North, Wilmington.

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GUITAR GENIUS, modest singing & song-writing talents for sale, trade or rent. No. 58, 62 Leroy, NY.

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CHICK SINGER, road manager needed by the Maelstrom. 683-8428, Pittsburgh, Pa.

### ELSEWHERE

DRUMMER WANTED by drummerless blues-hardrock band. 961-3925, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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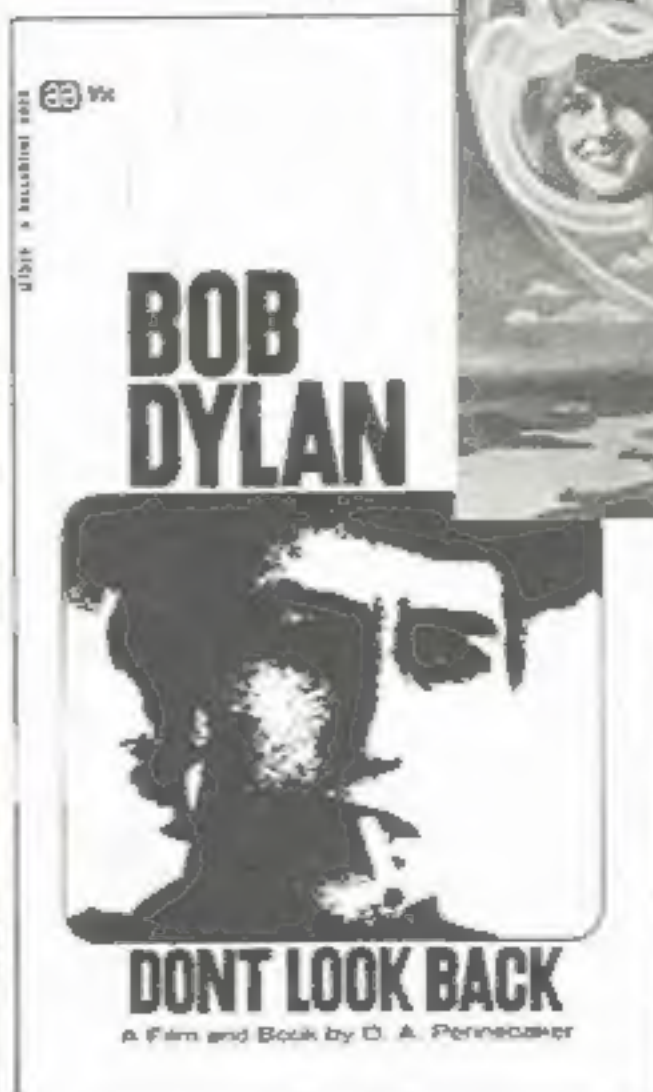
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